BILLY CONNOLLY REVIEWS THE SINGLES!

KERRANG!

the ROCK magazine!

July 1-13 No 45 60p

DEF LEPPARD U.S. Photo Special

SANTERS

HELLANBACH

TWISTED SISTER

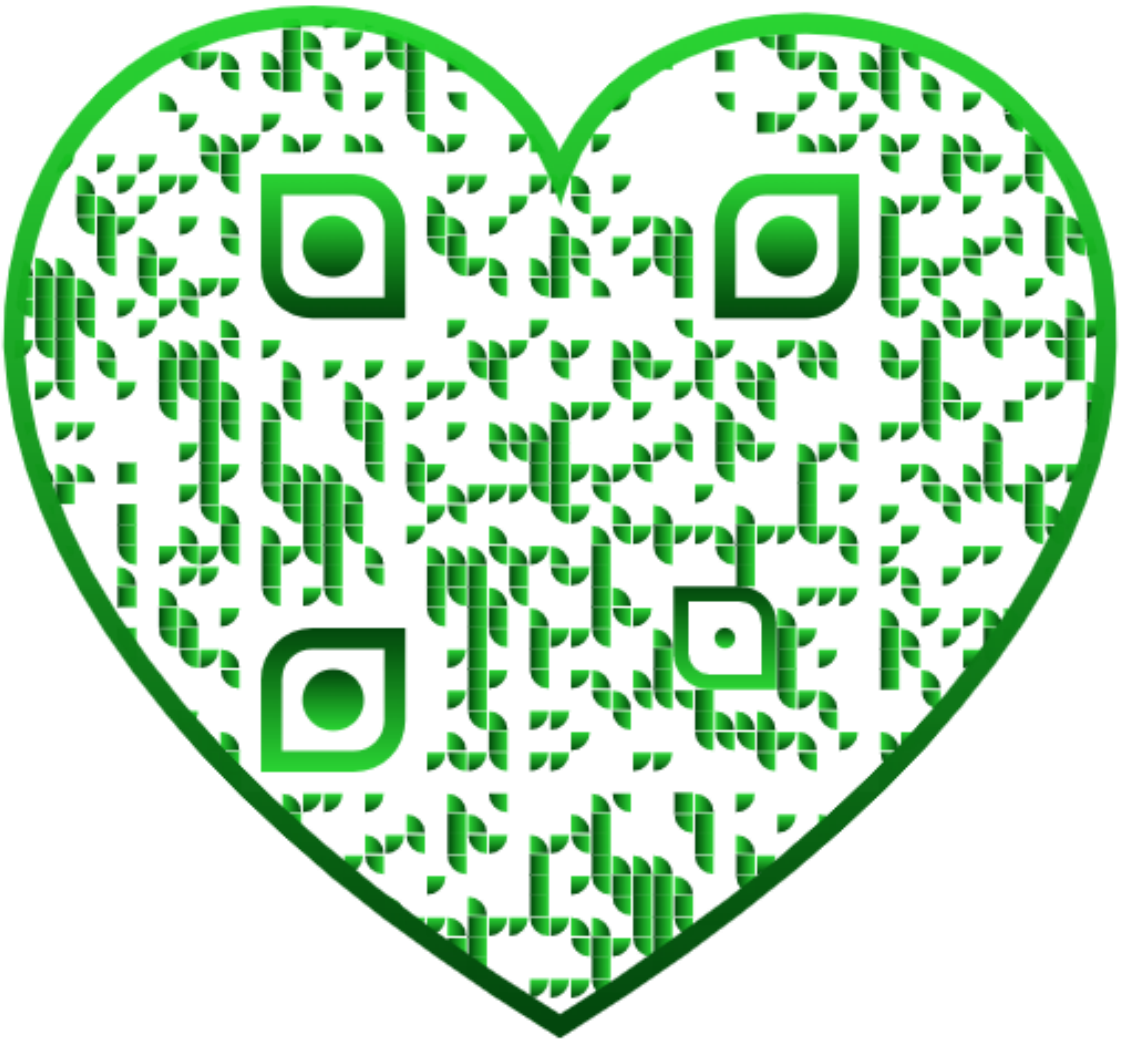
NEIL PEART

URIAH HEEP

W.A.S.P
Winged Assassins

PIECE IN OUR TIME
Maiden in Scandinavia

JOE ELLIOTT: Pic Ross Halfin



The official HM charts specially compiled for Kerrang! from a nationwide survey of 50 specialist shops

SINGLES

1	1	THE KIDS ARE BACK **Twisted Sister** (Atlantic)
2	4	SEND ME AN ANGEL **Blackfoot** (Atco)

3	—	GARDEN PARTY **Marillion** (EMI)
4	14	GIMME ALL YOUR LOVIN' **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
5	3	I GOT MINE **Motorhead** (Bronze)
6	10	SHE'S A BEAUTY **Tubes** (Capitol)
7	22	LONELY NIGHTS **Uriah Heep** (Bronze)
8	12	GIVE ME WHAT'S MINE **Grand Prix** (Chrysalis)
9	—	I WON'T HOLD YOU BACK **Toto** (CBS)
10	2	COUNTDOWN **Rush** (Mercury)
11	5	FLIGHT OF ICARUS **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
12	—	DON'T LET IT END **Styx** (A&M)
13	7	PARIS IS BURNING **Pallas** (Cool King)
14	9	RIDIN' HIGH **Persian Risk** (Neat)
15	13	CREATURES OF THE NIGHT **Kiss** (Casablanca)
16	8	THUNDER AND LIGHTNING **Thin Lizzy** (Vertigo)
17	—	TYRANT **Judas Priest** (Gull)
18	16	IF YOU REALLY WANT TO **Meat Loaf** (Epic/Cleveland International)
19	—	DIE HARD **Venom** (Neat)
20	11	MARKET SQUARE HEROES **Marillion** (EMI)
21	—	BREAK THE CHAIN **Raven** (Neat)
22	—	MALIBU BEACH **Hanoi Rocks** (Lick)
23	19	I AM (I'M ME) **Twisted Sister** (Atlantic)
24	18	HE KNOWS, YOU KNOW **Marillion** (EMI)
25	17	MR. ROBOTO **Styx** (A&M)
26	15	POWER AND THE GLORY **Saxon** (Carrere)
27	21	ROSANNA **Toto** (CBS)
28	—	BRIDGES **Jess Cox** (Neat)
29	24	I SURVIVE **Terraplane** (City)
30	25	TWILIGHT ZONE **Golden Earring** (Mercury)

Compiled by MRIB

PLAYLIST

Neil Jeffries
'METALMORPHOSIS' Baron Rojo (Chapa)
'SIGNALS' Rush (Mercury)
'HURRICANE TOWN' Stampede (Polydor)
Malcolm Dome
'HEAD FIRST' Uriah Heep (Bronze)
'HOLY DIVER' Dio (Vertigo)
'BLACK OF THE NIGHT' Pretty Wicked (Boogie 45)
Chris Welch
'WRING THAT NECK' Deep Purple (track from 'Deep Purple Singles' on Harvest)
'CONEY HATCH' Coney Hatch (Mercury)
'NEW FRONTIERS' Donald Fagen (track from 'The Night Fly' on Warner Bros)
Dante Bonutto
'HOLY DIVER' Dio (Vertigo)
'NO GUTS ... NO GLORY' Molly Hatchet (Epic)
'B.A.D.' track from W.A.S.P. demo
Xavier Russell
'INTO GLORY RIDE' Manowar (advance tape)
'ERIC MARTIN BAND' Eric Martin Band (advance Elektra tape)
'METALLICA' demo tape

ALBUMS

1	—	HOLY DIVER **Dio** (Vertigo)
2	1	PIECE OF MIND **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
3	2	ANOTHER PERFECT DAY **Motorhead** (Bronze)
4	3	SIOGO **Blackfoot** (Atco)
5	—	SAMURAI **Grand Prix** (Chrysalis)
6	17	FORGED IN FIRE **Anvil** (Attic)
7	21	UNDER THE BLADE **Twisted Sister** (Secret)
8	9	ELIMINATOR **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
9	6	BACK TO MYSTERY CITY **Hanoi Rocks** (Lick)
10	4	THE ELEVENTH HOUR **Magnum** (Jet)
11	7	MIDNIGHT AT THE LOST AND FOUND **Meat Loaf** (Epic/Cleveland International)
12	14	OCTOPUSS **Cozy Powell** (Polydor)
13	33	OUTSIDE/INSIDE **Tubes** (Capitol)
14	12	TOTO IV **Toto** (CBS)
15	—	HURRICANE TOWN **Stampede** (Polydor)
16	5	YOU CAN'T STOP ROCK 'N' ROLL **Twisted Sister** (Atlantic)
17	16	SCRIPT FOR A JESTER'S TEAR **Marillion** (EMI)
18	32	IN THE RED **Fist** (Neat)
19	8	CONEY HATCH **Coney Hatch** (Mercury)
20	11	WHITE FLAMES **Snowy White** (Towerbell)
21	—	HEAD FIRST **Uriah Heep** (Bronze)
22	10	RESTLESS AND WILD **Accept** (HM Worldwide)
23	15	PERFORMANCE **Eloy** (HM Worldwide)
24	20	OUT FOR BLOOD **Lita Ford** (Mercury import)
25	25	NOW HEAR THIS **Hellanbach** (Neat)
26	19	THUNDER AND LIGHTNING **Thin Lizzy** (Vertigo)
27	22	FASTWAY **Fastway** (CBS)
28	24	HEADHUNTER **Krokus** (Arista)
29	26	KILROY WAS HERE **Styx** (A&M)
30	27	FRONTIERS **Journey** (CBS)
31	—	QUEENSRŸCHE **Queensrÿche** (206 Import)
32	18	POWER AND THE GLORY **Saxon** (Carrere)
33	—	RATT **Ratt** (Music for Nations)
34	13	METAL HEALTH **Quiet Riot** (Pasha)
35	38	NO GUTS, NO GLORY **Molly Hatchet** (Epic)
36	30	WARNING FROM STARDUST **Bow Wow** (HM Worldwide)
37	—	MODERN MEDICINE **Doc Holliday** (A&M import)
38	36	DELIVER US **Warlord** (Metal Blade)
39	39	TWICE UPON A TIME **Hawkwind** (Flicknife)
40	—	DEAD OF THE NIGHT **Demon Flight** (Metal Blade)

Compiled by MRIB

IMPORT ALBUMS

1	OUT FOR BLOOD **Lita Ford** (Mercury)
2	QUEENSRŸCHE **Queensrÿche** (206)
3	MICHAEL BOLTON **Michael Bolton** (Columbia)
4	MODERN MEDICINE **Doc Holliday** (A&M)
5	RATT **Ratt** (Music for Nations)
6	IN THE RED **Fist** (A&M)
7	IN THE RAW **Rods** (Shrapnel)
8	US METAL VOL. II **Various** (Shrapnel)
9	LOOK BEHIND **Journey** (Columbia)
10	PREY FOR METAL **Axewitch** (Axe)

Compiled by MRIB

KERRANG!

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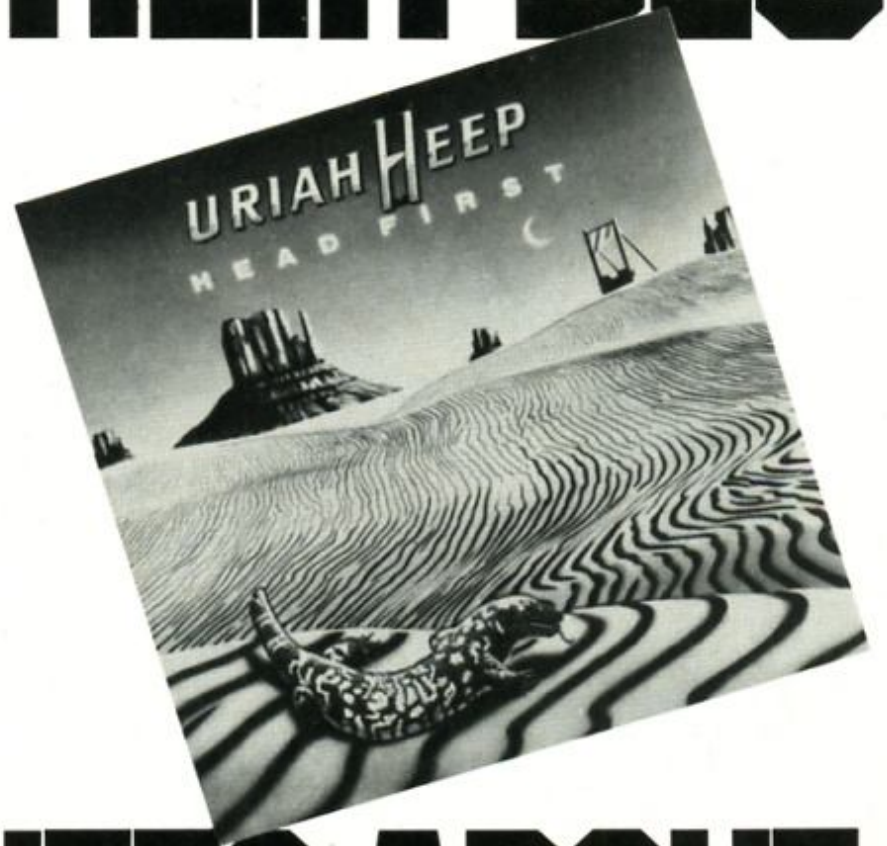
'HEAD FIRST' URIAH HEEP AT THEIR BEST.



NO BUTTS ABOUT IT.

THE GREAT NEW URIAH HEEP ALBUM 'HEAD FIRST'. YOU'D BE NUTS NOT TO BUY IT.

BRONZE

Album BRON 545
Cassette BRONC 545

BJORN TO BE WILD!

NEIL JEFFRIES joins IRON MAIDEN in the land of the midnight ~~sun~~ FUN!

INSIDE THE *Drammenhalle* near Oslo the Norwegian Earthdogs have feasted on a large Piece Of Mind – the same two hour set that Maiden played in Britain. Now they file out into the late night sun (this far north it's only dark for about three hours after midnight) while Eddie lumbers back to his Porta-cell and the band return to their dressing room to shower and wind down. By their own high standards this wasn't top-form, but entertainment and value for money they delivered in abundance. Maiden gave their all and, as they relax, lensmen Ross Halfin and Robert Ellis capture shots of the *apres gig* recovery.

Predictably, Halfin can't resist the lure of a steam-filled room for the chance to photograph rock stars naked. Suddenly, Steve and Nicko wise up and drag him fully clothed and protesting into the showers. He re-emerges like a drowned rat. The Irons 1 Halfin 0.

Escaping *Drammenhalle* is an unnerving experience – through a crush of fans hammering on the mini-bus – but it's quickly forgotten in the hotel bar where the cabaret, courtesy of Scandinavian tour promoter Erik Thomsen (affectionately known as ET), is getting warmed up. He's drinking enough to get all of Maiden's alter-egos dangerously close to the surface though, fortunately, all but Bruce are content to watch and not follow suit. (It should be remembered here that Rainbow once dangled ET naked from a lighting truss, and that he is the man who promotes shows for most bands visiting The Land Of The

CONTINUES PAGE 8

Pic Robert Ellis

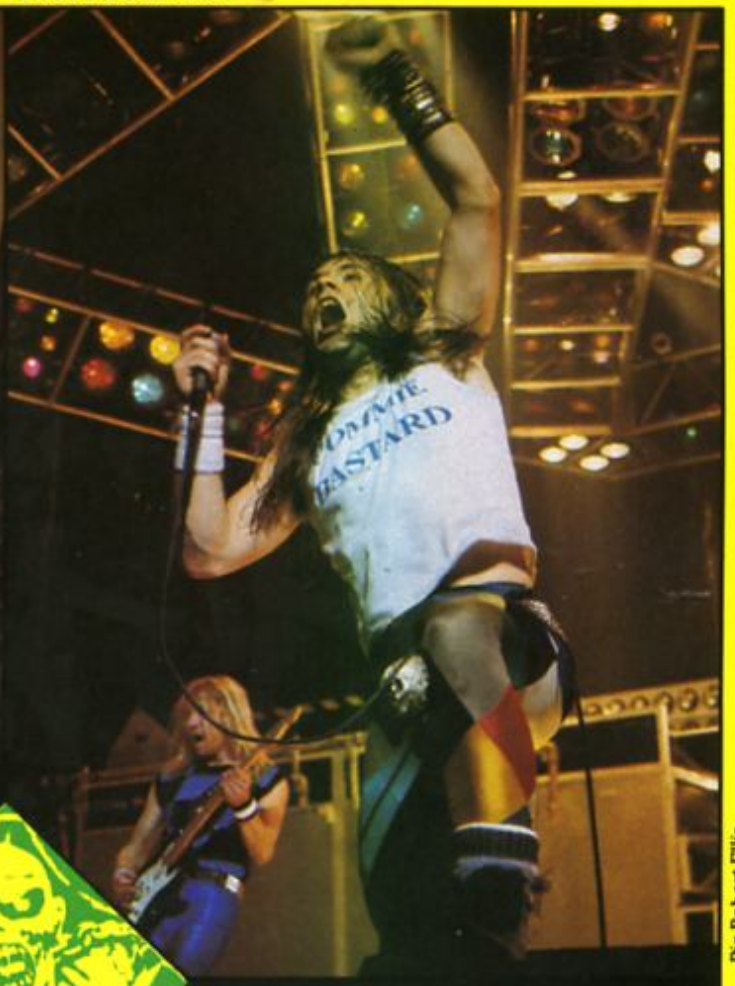
STEVE HARRIS

Pic Ross Halfin

NICKO McBRAIN (left) and STEVE HARRIS

Pic Ross Halfin

BRUCE DICKINSON



Pic Robert Ellis

Pic Robert Ellis

DAVE MURRAY (left) and BRUCE DICKINSON

Pic Ross Halfin

NICKO McBRAIN

IRON MAIDEN TEAM SHOT: The victorious 'Irons' with crew members and the legendary E.T. (second from left, back row)

RAINBOW TEAM SHOT: The 'hammered' losers in more confident times (before the kick off)

Pics Ross Halfin

Pic Ross Halfin

PIE WITH YOUR BOOTS ON: Birthday boy Nicko McBrain (21 'and a bit') gets the old Tiswas treatment onstage in Stockholm

FROM PAGE 4

Midnight Sun.) Watching him kick a clock off the wall as he handstands to drink a glass of beer backwards, it's not entirely obvious *why!!*

"He's not well! Not well at *all!!!*" laughs Steve Harris as ET continues to keep everyone in stitches. Bruce can't quite equal the trick so resorts instead to lacing ET's drinks with Tabasco sauce. Gradually, Mr. Dickinson fades and Conan The . . . Cocktail Maker surfaces, metamorphosing quickly into Conan The Carpet Shampooer. It's all got very out of hand . . .

Next morning, we fly to Stockholm for the evening's show at the *Isstadion* – an ice-hockey arena that holds about 5000 crazed Swedes. Before the show there's just time for some quick questions, so I ask about the peculiar 'backwards message' on the second side of the new LP. They explain that it is, of course, nothing satanic but merely a wind-up directed at the narrow-minded, anti-rock, religious fanatics in the States. They concede that few of them read *Kerrang!* so it won't spoil the joke to explain. Nicko clears his throat and reveals it's him that you hear in reverse:

"Hm, hmmm. 'What Ho!' sed de ting wid de tree bonce. Twont meddil wit ting y'chont undatand (belch)."

Steve: (Sussing Nicko hadn't made everything *crystal* clear!) "It's an Idi Amin voice. . . "

Nicko: "Originally done by John Bird in 1975 on his *'Collected Works Of Idi Amin'* album – although Steve came up with the second bit ("Don't Meddle With Things You Don't Understand".) That was a saying we had pinned up on the studio door. Every couple of days we'd get a new quote or joke and pin up another bit of paper. There were *loads* of these bits of graffiti! Anyway, these people are gonna hear this and think: 'Ah! Got you, ya bastards!!' . . ."

Steve: "Then they'll play it backwards and they won't have a *clue!*"

Bruce's onstage intro to the epic 'To Tame A Land' tells how it was to be titled 'Dune', after Frank Herbert's classic sci-fi book, until the author refused his permission. Steve explains that wasn't all he refused:

"I was gutted - we had a spoken intro on it as well by a guy who sounded like Ralph Richardson. We were really lucky to keep the track *at all.* Bruce had finished the vocal and gone off to Greece so we couldn't change it and we couldn't leave it off because it's seven and a half minutes long! The album was gonna be injuncted . . . bad news!

"Funnily enough, though, the geezer in his office was an Iron Maiden fan and was trying his hardest to sort it out! I think if Frank heard how it was done he might change his mind, because I think it really brings the book across. It's a shame really . . ."

Herbert is clearly unaware that Iron Maiden are the biggest selling heavy rock act in Britain and that their lengthy world tours (this one's *only* eight months long because they like to finish by Christmas) have made them a big draw all over the globe. Are *Maiden* aware of this . . . do they feel any pressure to maintain such standards?

Steve: "Not really. We don't think of it like that. Obviously, we worry whether people are gonna like the new album as much as the last one, but that just keeps us on our toes! That's the main pressure, I suppose, because once we start touring we don't feel *any.* Touring is exactly what we *want* to do – it's great! Gets a bit knackering at times but you take the rough with the smooth!

"No-one can make us tour *this* much – we do it because we *want* to. We all get nights when we don't feel so good, but once you get out there, there's so much adrenalin flowing you can get through it. People often ask us how we do it and it's just the adrenalin – it DEFINITELY ain't drugs!"

An hour later I knew exactly what he meant. Bruce stood alone in the long corridor ramp joining the dressing rooms with the steps to the stage. Then as the lights went out and the intro-tape rolled, he sprinted to join the rest of the band waiting in the wings.

The roar as they took the stage was *phenomenal,* demonstrating why the Swedish have a reputation for being amongst the noisiest of crowds. And standing amongst them showed they were only giving as good as they got. Simply, Iron Maiden played a *blinder,* easily the best performance I've seen them give, and a testament to the power of HM at its peak. Bruce was suffering with a throat problem but, feeding off the response, he steadily overcame it and was close to his best by the end, charging around like a souped-up Ian Anderson.

When they returned for the first encore the crowd would *not* stop cheering. The wall of sound lasted for fully five minutes with Bruce conducting whilst Dave, Steve and Adrian grinned in amazement and Nicko stood on his stool applauding the fans. A magic unforgettable atmosphere.

Come the final encore they could contain themselves no longer. It was Nicko's birthday! Bruce carried the drummer on over his shouler then held him centre-stage while band and crew revived the spirit of The Phantom Flan Flinger. 5000 people sang 'Happy Birthday' and Nicko wore a grin as wide as his riser. He made a short speech of thanks then, towelling the mess from his hair, vowed: "Don't you worry, I'll get this 'kin lot back for this if it's the last 'kin thing I do!!!"

Later backstage, spirits are high. They've got a night out and tomorrow is a day off! In fact, the only cloud on the horizon is an 11am flight to Copenhagen to make a 5pm football match v. Rainbow who are in the city recording their new album. The Irons haven't played for months but they're taking it very

Pic Ross Halfin

seriously and are desperate to win.

Meanwhile, ET has phoned home (sorry), I mean Ritchie, who has given him strict instructions to: 'make sure they get drunk and stay up late'. Gamesmanship ET has absolutely no trouble in fixing . . .

The nightclub turns out to be a packed and expensive disco bar. The Maiden entourage plus support act Rock Goddess commandeer a large corner and the famed alter-egos soon begin to come out.

Worse still, Ross Halfin tries to set Steve Harris up with a passing drunk. Steve is *not* amused so it's up to ET to pass the guy onto the hapless Warren 'Falling In Love *Again*' Poppe. *He's* not amused either and finally has to climb away from the table as ET tells the over-friendly local that: "He's only playing hard to get, he's crazy about you really but a bit shy!" Once he's gone and Nicko stops lobbing ice-cubes, things are safer . . . though no saner.

Come the morning of the match things are not looking good. Adrian reveals The Irons have no set pieces rehearsed and Dave Murray's zombie-like grin barely hides the damage done the night before. Bruce gets off the plane and announces: "I feel like I've been poisoned". Then there's a hitch at Copenhagen customs: Nicko's suitcase has gone to the hotel with *Van Morrison's* baggage but nobody finds out until much later.

On the plane Nicko spoke keenly about one of his first loves – flying. In Stockholm he'd told me how he'd had his first 'lesson' whilst the band were in Jersey:

"I really enjoyed it. The guy explained how to take off then said: 'OK, away you go! . . .' 'What? Me? Oh Great!' He also showed me how to get out of a stall. I really got a taste for it.

"Rod Smallwood (Maiden's manager) didn't know until I told him on the way to one of the British gigs, Birmingham I think it was. He went white, then freaked . . . 'Oh my God – none of that, none of that, I ain't having you do that'. So I said: 'Get insurance', and he just said: 'That ain't gonna do no good if you snuff it!!' He's very adamant about it and I can see his point, but we fly everyday anyway . . .

Steve: "Yeah, but *you* ain't flying us!!!"

Nicko: "Aha! That's true, I suppose. . . but I'd seriously still like to do it and get my Private Pilot's Licence. You see my main ambition is to fly helicopters."

Why don't you join the forces then?!

"Ha, ha, ha . . . I'm too old!! They wouldn't take me anyway, cos I've got a flat right foot . . . !"

Bass-drum pedal foot – geddit?! He also wants to try horse-riding, parachuting, water and snow skiing and gliding. An ambitious chap, but the most dangerous thing facing him later is the Rainbow FC attack. He's playing in goal.

Rumour has it that Rainbow's studio engineer once played for Norway and it's later revealed that Roger Glover and Joe Lynn Turner didn't play because Ritchie wanted to stand a fighting chance . . . Maiden's side is full strength, though, and they impress most from the KO.

Steve plays well and opens the scoring after nine minutes. The Irons look to have more ideas and with 21 minutes gone they lead 3-1 thanks to Bomber Harris' hat-trick. They get sloppy, though, and Rainbow pull back. Ritchie makes some penetrating runs and doesn't seem to get tackled as often as he should (*I wonder why?-Ed*), until there's just 10 minutes left and it's 4-4.

The second half sees both sides play better at the back and extra-time looks imminent. Then, suddenly, one of Maiden's crew finds himself with enough space in the Rainbow box to volley home the winner. 5-4 to The Irons and they didn't even use Trevor Brooking.

Adrian opens the champagne and they're clearly "Over the moon, Jim", though it has to be said they look healthier coming off *stage*!! Bruce is pleased but has somehow lost count – "Shame we couldn't get another one". True enough, but at least you won. "*Won*? We *won*!? I thought it was a *draw*. *Well* then . . . " and he dives for a beer amidst roars of laughter as the others realise his mistake.

That laughter is the key to this band. Every drop of fun is squeezed out of each minute of their time, causing the mammoth touring schedules to shrink . . . and to think I'd imagined it was hard work for them. How wrong can you be . . .

BALLROOM BLITZ

The Sweet
1 BALLROOM BLITZ
2 BLOCKBUSTER

Suzi Quatro
3 CAN THE CAN
4 DEVIL GATE DRIVE

Elton John
5 SATURDAY NIGHT'S ALRIGHT (FOR FIGHTING)
6 BENNY AND THE JETS

Gary Glitter
1 ROCK & ROLL (PART II)
2 I DIDN'T KNOW I LOVED YOU (TILL I SAW YOU ROCK 'N' ROLL)

T. Rex
3 METAL GURU
4 GET IT ON

Slade
5 MAMA WEER ALL CRAZEE NOW
6 GUDBY T' JANE

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BJH: FLOAT LIKE A BUTT

Pic Simon Fowler

SCRIBBLE-SCRIBBLE, scrawl-scrawl, moan-moan. Yes, I can see the letters page now . . .

'Why on earth are you covering tossers like Barclay James Harvest? . . . We buy KERRANG! to read about our faves like Iron Lunkhead. Not BOFs'. . . etc, etc.

And, I will admit, trying to persuade the *Kerrang!* kitchen kabinet that interviewing BJH was very much up our subway was an extraordinarily onerous task. You'd have thought I'd suggested we commit mass suicide (no comments on that idea are necessary, thank you very much!), such was the unanimous wail of disapproval bawled forth even by those traditional paragons of moderation, St. Chas De Whalley and the Ninth Duke of Welch.

The facts, though, are plain enough. If you're one of the extremist minority who believe that these pages should be filled ONLY with hard-core HM, then nothing BJH can say or I can write is likely to change your attitude. But, then again, you're probably of the opinion that the likes of Journey should also be excluded, right?

However, if you belong to the majority who accept that *Kerrang's* function is the coverage of a widely-based ROCK platform, then I would urge you to listen to Barclay James' new LP, 'Ring Of Changes' – because there can be little doubt that they've much in common these days with artists such as Fleetwood Mac, REO and Toto, producing a melodic (albeit slightly softened) sophisticated style of AOR.

All of which brings me to the obvious query – why are BJH so rarely seen by the masses as inhabiting the same musical niche as les Fleetwoods *et al*? The crux of the matter is that this Mancunian-based bunch of veterans are more likely to be heard on Radio Two than the 'Friday Night Rock Show'. Moreover, they're more likely to be found gracing the pages of an occasional Sunday Telegraph Colour Supplement special than those of a rock magazine.

In short, as with Jethro Tull and the Moody Blues, here is a longstanding band whose appeal would seem to lie solely with those who've grown up with 'em over a period of more than 12 years, rather than with today's youth culture. Theirs is a following drawn from the suburban, coffee-table, *tupperware* set rather than the inner city, pub-frequenting, bedenimed mob.

"Well, we used to think that we had no real connection with the younger generation of rock fans, but all that's changing now," reveals keyboardsman Les Holroyd, when he and drummer Mel Pritchard (the main core of the band these days is completed by guitarist John Lees) confronted this *Kerrang*ster on home territory. "We've noticed recently that in Europe our audiences are getting younger all the time. Of course, we still attract the older generation who've stayed with us for so many years, but the kids are coming back to our form of music in droves which is very gratifying.

"You see, I think they're thoroughly fed up with these video-age bands they've been fed by TV over the past few years. They're realising that 'new wave' and 'new romantic' groups have so little to offer. This process has been going on in Europe, especially Germany and France, for some little while, and it's just beginning to happen in England. (*author's aside-s'funny, we at Kerrang! have been saying the same thing for ages!*)

"The trouble is, people in England haven't quite yet grasped that sophisticated rock is back in a BIG way. Look, I'll give you an example. Toto cracked the charts in Germany and actually had about FIVE big singles there, long before 'Africa' made it as a hit over here. You just have to accept that, for reasons I can't quite figure out, the word has been slow to cross the channel or North Sea."

Well, I'd take umbrage with that statement to some extent. Honoured personages such as Howard Johnson and Paul Suter have been leading the krusade for class in rock for what seems like decades now. However, in BJH's case, maybe it *has* taken a mite longer for 'The Word' to waft across on the breeze. But 'Ring Of Changes' has certainly bolstered their cause considerably.

Now, I'll not prattle on about it being the greatest album of our time (it isn't). But, I would certainly reckon it to be the best Barclay James offering for some little while, pulsing with a revitalised spirit and displaying a definite movement towards the mainstream pop/rock tributary, whilst still retaining enough of a flavour of trad. BJH not to alienate longstanding followers. So, take yer pardners for the 1983 Butterfly Ball . . .

"I don't think we made a conscious effort to change," says Holroyd. "It's more a natural development. We've been lucky enough to see bands like Toto and REO Speedwagon live in Europe and obviously they've had an influence on us a bit."

"I think having a new producer, Pip Williams, working on the project helped enormously," adds Pritchard. "We've known him as a close personal friend for about two or three years, and we've always wanted to do something with him but could never fit it in. Well, now it's come together and he's certainly done much to bring out the freshness that's on the album. Pip is an excellent musician in his own right and brought a lot of new ideas into the studio. In fact, the album ended up being an amalgamation of our two styles – a marriage if you like.

"One thing you can say about this band is that we accept criticism so long as it's constructive. We had no problems working with Pip on a production level. We discussed everything, and sometimes we'd do things his way, sometimes it would be our way – but always things were done in the best interests of the music and not to massage egos.

"I know certain musicians are very dogmatic in what they tell producers: 'I've had such-and-such a guitar sound for umpteen years, and that's the way it's gotta stay!' But we don't go in for such silly antics. And we'll definitely be using Pip again when we do our next album in October or November."

Yes, you read it correctly. BJH intend to cut a fresh set of spiral grooves almost before the wax has dried on this latest release. An artistic mistake? Only time will tell, and 'time' as it happens has dictated this exercise in comparative freneticism. Let Holroyd explain:

"We have plans to do a six month world tour next year, taking in seven or eight countries, with a brand new stage show. So, we'll not have time to record any new stuff, then. Of course, this new album won't be put out straight away, we'll hold it back until an appropriate time. I'm not certain if doing an album so quickly after the one before is a good idea or not. We've never done things this way, so it's a case of wait and see."

ERFLY STING LIKE A BEE

What this does mean is that, at the very moment when the climate is beginning to ripen for a Barclay James commercial Harvest, the band will be off the road and out of sight. And given the volatile nature of this particular orchard, I can't help wondering if the pickings that are presently to be had will be plucked clean by others long before the band return to active duty next year.

"It's a chance we have to take for practical reasons," asserts Pritchard. "Planning the sort of major concert tour we have in mind simply takes ages. You can't just get up, pack your bags and fly off. But I'm sure the audience is there for us and will still be there when we come back.

"The sort of venues we'll play will probably have to be Wembley Arena's and Birmingham NECs. In the past we've tended to go for the smaller halls, like the Hammersmith Odeon, and do a couple of nights. But, of course, these places are too small to house our full stage show which means the fans are not getting complete value for money. Consequently, we're forced into taking a gamble on the big arenas, doing fewer shows and asking the people to come to us rather than taking the music to them.

"It's a ridiculous situation made nonsensical because there are places which, in terms of size, come between, say, Wembley Arena and Hammersmith Odeon, such as ice rinks. These would be ideal, but the owners of such venues take a chance because rock music has such a low value put on it in England."

"In Europe, there are loads of ice-rink venues which put on rock bands," pronounces the quietly-spoken Holroyd. "A lot of them make much of their revenue from rock promotions. But there again, we come to the difference in stature between rock music in Europe and here.

"Countries such as Germany treat musicians with respect. They recognise that rock has a place in culture. You even get so-called pillars of society, politicians sometimes, coming back-stage to meet you after a show. When does that happen in England? Here, we're treated as outcasts, vagabonds, people 'without proper jobs'. In Germany, there's now even a college course in 'Road Management!'

"As for the organisation on the continent, it's first rate. Everything is done to ensure the smooth running of a gig. In England the kids are herded like cattle, the bands always go on late, if at all, and the promoter is an asshole and his side-kicks bozos to whom the musician is a nothing, a nobody. It's a disgrace."

So, does all this righteous rhetoric (much of which has the Waterford Crystal ring of validity, right?) mean that BJH will tour here only reluctantly? Not according to Mr. Pritchard . . .

"Oh no. We want so badly to be successful in England. For a start it's our home country. Secondly, it's commercially speaking the fourth or fifth biggest record-selling marketplace in the world. And, thirdly, this is the only European country that influences America. Make it big here and you have a real chance of cracking the States."

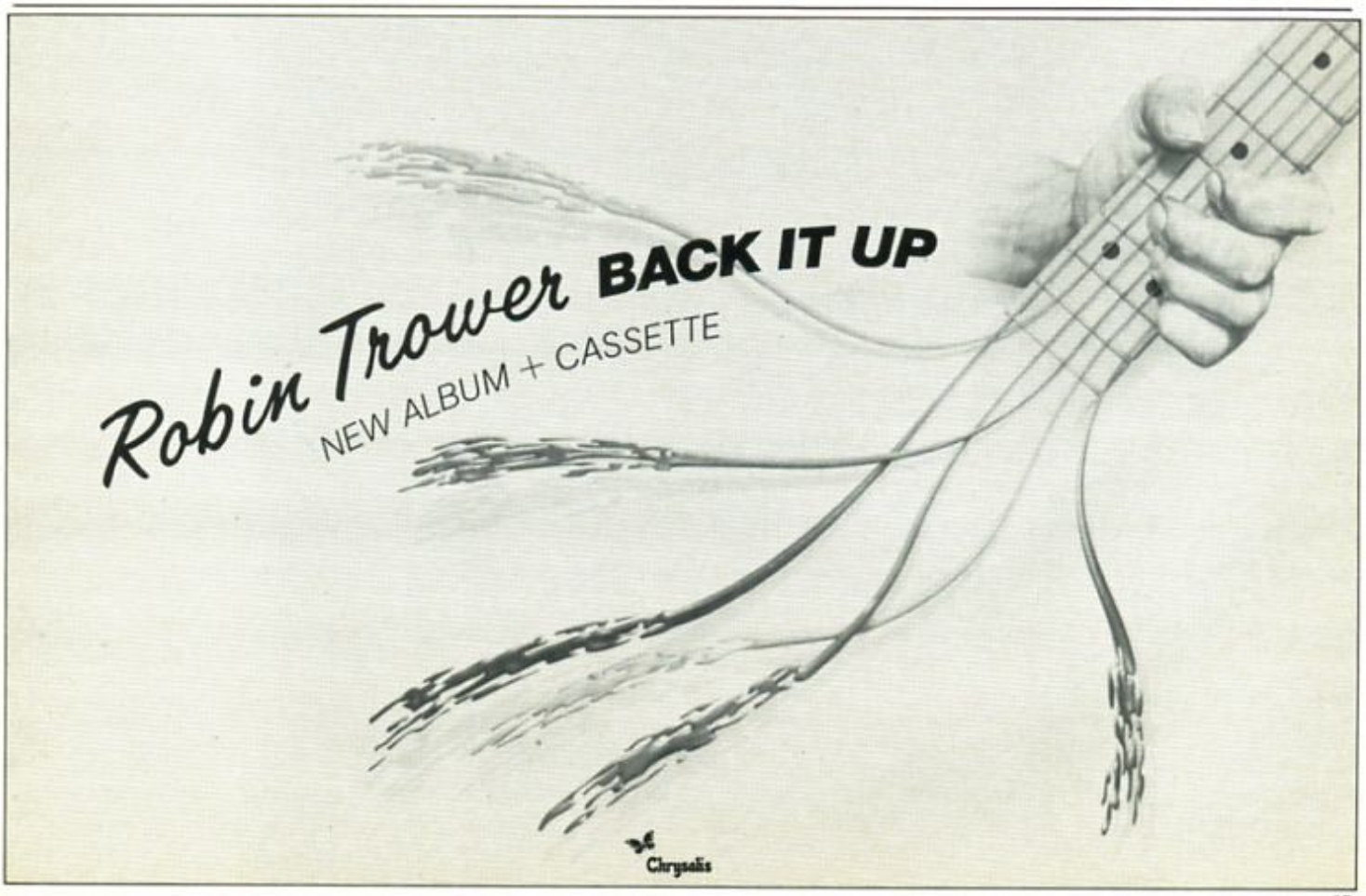
Are some of you perhaps rather shocked that a band purportedly so bland – lensmith Simon Fowler (during the photo session that preceded this interview) nearly nodded off – should have such strong opinions? Well, don't be. There's more depth and backbone to them than you've been led to expect.

BJH may well be the gentlemen of rock, whose music appeals to the introspective Jekyll spirit in me. And they may well be on the Methusalah side of 35. But, don't let their butterfly motif fool you. Nobody achieves as much success as they have, unless they've nerves of steel. And just bear these final facts in mind:

1) BJH were the FIRST band to resist the lure of American gold in order to concentrate on establishing a Euro-bridgehead. And were it not for this, perhaps the likes of Saga would still be back-water yokels.

2) This lot happen to be among Rush's fave bands. Is any higher recommendation needed?

MALCOLM DOME



ALBUMS

BARON ROJO 'Metalmorphosis' (Chapa import)

UP UNTIL now I haven't had much time for the Spanish Baron's brand of heavy rock, figuring their sudden rise to fame over here in Britain a quirk of a Ho-Jo brainstorm that stemmed from listening to all that American wimphem!! (only kidding Howard!) But just one spin of this, their third LP, has for me proved 'I-can-pick-'em' Johnson's case. 'Metalmorphosis' really is an excellent album.

It's far from the blatant riff orgy that I feared and instead contains nine numbers (and a freebie single with two more) that display power, melody and variety. Just one thing though, it's all sung in Spanish. That may bother some of you but it made no difference to my enjoyment of the music and I reckon it's far superior – and more interesting – to any dodgy English accents.

Whether by choice or because their previous British label, *Kamaflage,* has collapsed, this is a Spanish only album available on import. Buy it and dig out your old phrase-book from the bottom of your suitcase if you really want to know what they're singing about, but really *it doesn't matter.* Baron Rojo let their music do the talking and this record shouts plenty loud enough to get the message across!

The de Castro brothers, Armando and Carlos, on guitars work well together producing good riffs and some smart solos – often reminiscent of Schenker. Listen to them on the furious opener and chosen single *'Casi Me Mato'* or the following *'Rockero Indominable'* (which sounds for all the world like a 'Deep Purple In Rock' out-take.)

They do let themselves down a bit with the last track on side one (*'Siempre Estas Alli'*) which is a little *too* much in the mould of the Scorpions' 'When The Smoke Is Going Down', but it's a rare slip. Generally, their unique vocals work *for* the Barons, giving them a style and an identity all their own.

Flip it over and you'll hear *'Hiroshima'*; a tried and tested theme of late but done here very well with strong harmonies, a swaggering riff, a suitably oriental feel and cataclysmic ending. Then comes *'El Malo'* ...

I could go on, but perhaps you're giggling at the titles. DON'T! This is far more than just another continental import. I think you'll be as surprised and impressed as I was. NEIL JEFFRIES

DOC HOLLIDAY 'Modern Medicine' (A&M SP-4947 US Import)

I STILL can't believe this is a Doc Holliday album. You may recently recall my put down of the new Blackfoot LP for selling out and going AOR. But the Docs have gone the whole hog and lost their Southern roots completely! They have now gone in for a Billy Squierish pop-metal sound and it would appear a complete change of location could be the key to the mystery as to why the Doc's have changed so dramatically. I mean where are you gonna find a crate of sour mash in Western Germany? Still, if it's (big) Mack of Billy Squier fame, you want to produce your album; then Munich is the place one has to come. And he's done a grand job on 'Modern Medicine'.

This is the Doc's third outing for A&M, and in many ways (despite my cynicism above) it's their best offering so far. Originality is the name of the game here. No rip-offs and the only reason they get compared to Billy Squier is because of the Mack connection: those heavy pounding drums and synths only he could produce. All ten gems are penned by Bruce Brookshire who's vocals have gotten gruffer than ever. Keep off the Wild Turkey mate, or you'll end up with no voice at all on the next elpee!

Side A is definitely the weaker of the two with only 'Rock City' standing out. But it's the flip that'll have you reaching for the tennis racket or the broom. Even the lyrics are above average for a change especially on – 'Hell To Pay', but without doubt the album's winner has gotta be – 'We Are Not Alone!' And yes you guessed right first time, this one's all about UFO's and once again Brookshires menacing yet eerie vocals actually make one want to believe that UFO's exist. The chopping guitar work of Ric Skelton is superb: why this man hasn't appeared in Guitar Heroes is beyond me! So all is still okay at the 'OK CORRAL': who said the south won't rise again! XAVIER RUSSELL

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BARON ROJO: nice Juan Cyril . . .

VARDIS 'The Lion's Share' (Razor Raz 3)

I WILL confess to a certain dread when I finally placed this twelve track 'Best Of . . .' compilation of live, studio and unreleased trackery on my turntable and slowly turned up the volume. But I was immediately and pleasantly surprised. As the first track and erstwhile single 'Let's Go' burned into the concert version of 'Living Out Of Touch' Vardis were proving themselves one helluva powerhouse rock band. Zodiac's guitar in particular sounding louder and fuller and raunchier than ever I thought a Telecaster could as he exercised a simple but incredibly direct and exciting style of big block chords and sinewy lead lines swimming in sustain but in no danger of drowning. Behind him bass man Alan Selway and drummer Gary Pearson kept the rhythm section as tight as arses and exceptionally Heavy on the Beat. Hmm, so far so good!

But, oh dear, when it comes to song-writing Vardis make Motorhead sound like Paul McCartney. If this is their best then I'd hate to hear the rest because here there's hardly a melody in the house. As the needle bit into 'Move Along' (also live), an unreleased track 'Destiny', 'Too Many People' and so into the second side Steve Zodiac's tunes grew first predictable, then ponderous until finally I was screaming out in pain for something just a little bit different. But no go Joe, apart from silly bagpipes on 'Police Patrol' and some bluesy saxophone on 'Walking' Vardis offered the same heads down trash all the way and, quite honestly, the bodyblows wore me out after five rounds. This just has to be an album for the dedicated headbanger only.
CHAS DE WHALLEY

ROBIN TROWER 'Back It Up' (Chrysalis 1420)

FOR THE last couple of years Robin Trower has spent his time working and recording with Jack Bruce but now 1983 sees him once again recording under his own name. Although this more familiar "solo" format does of course include his ever present side-kick Jimmy Dewar on bass and vocals. In addition this time around, Robin has for the first time used drummers Alan Clark and Bobby Clouter together with an additional bassman Dave Bronze.

Together they've shaped 'Back It Up' – Trower's tenth album in as many years. A decade during which he's flirted with numerous styles. Here though he's back to the 50/50 rock/blues mixture that made his last, 'pre-Bruce' LP 'Victims Of The Fury' such a breath of fresh air in 1980. It's very much in the 'Victims' mould so does fall down a little on originality but once again picks up points on musicianship and feel.

I'd have to admit that I'm a long-time fan of Trower's lazy, Hendrix-influenced, bluesy style even if it does sometimes smack a little of self-indulgence. But 'B.I.U.' really only needs a cursory listen to convince *anyone* that he's a master of his trade – he'd hate the tag but an unsung Guitar Hero! How he could have been so overlooked when he can make his Strat sing so sweetly is a mystery.

Side one's closer 'Belly Dancer' is the main case in point. A haunting eight minute long number with a wonderfully live/one-take feel to it. Last track on t'other side 'Settling The Score' has a similar atmosphere, a rock-you-gently 12 bar blues that *also* sounds like it may be the result of a studio jam.

Every bit as important as the six-string action though are the superb vocals from Jimmy Dewar. His deep soulful voice and trademark turn the slow paced 'River' into something of A Bad Co. soundalike and elsewhere he's equally at home with the straight ahead rock of the title track or 'Time Is Short', the very Hendrix-motivated 'None But The Brave' or the funkier mode of 'Captain Midnight'.

All-in-all 'Back It Up' may not be a landmark in rock history but it's a damn fine record none the less. If you appreciate good singing or good playing lend it an ear.
NEIL JEFFRIES

GARY MOORE 'Rocking' Every Night-Live In Japan' (Virgin import VIL-6039)

THIS SINGLE album is intended for the Japanese market only but before you fork out your hard-earned (?!) readies for it, bear in mind the price you are asked (in Japan this will sell for 2,500 yen – abut £6.90) and also the fact that such packages have a habit of surfacing on UK release *eventually.* I'm not suggesting this record is not worth owning – it most definitely *is!* – it's just that British record buyers have too often been the losers with these "import only" live records. Still, a fair proportion of you *will* be keen/rich enough and produce the necessary "popular demand" that will convince Virgin UK to put it out here, and believe me you're in for a treat!

Side one features just three songs (all from the marvellous 'Corridors Of Power' album) and kicks off with the title track. Ian Paice powers this number he co-wrote with his customary speedy efficiency. Next is 'Wishing Well'

and whilst I wasn't convinced at first by the band's cover of this – live it becomes something very special. The feel is quite different to the original but the emotion is still there with dozens of guitar fills and runs squeezed in too. Full marks also to Don Airey for some nice touches on keyboards. Closing cut is the album's gem 'I Can't Wait Until Tomorrow'. Building slowly over more than half the side it surges majestically on Neil Murray's bass line to a mighty climax. As well as two blistering solos Gary himself also delivers a superb vocal line.

The now departed John Sloman is a fine singer but with this band was seemingly only there to take over the duties from Gary on the faster songs so the latter could jump about more! Consequently he suffered at the hands of material not written for his own distinctive voice – listen to the end of 'Rockin' & Rollin''. Though having said that he sounds great on 'Nuclear Attack' – side two's opener and the third of his three 'appearances' here.

Elsewhere on the flip is 'White Nuckles', (3 mins 48 seconds of pure mayhem in which Gary goes some way to showing why he's now gaining the recognition as a guitarist he has long deserved), set closer 'Back On The Streets' and encore 'Sunset'. An instrumental previously on Cozy Powell's 'Tilt' LP and dedicated here to Randy Rhoads. Gary and Don alone then bring this excellent album to a gentle close. If Mr. Moore can get this released here, and hold the rest of this band together, then there's only one direction they can go . . . and that's up.

NEIL JEFFRIES

WITCHFYNDE
'Cloak & Dagger'
(Expulsion EXIT 5)

BACK from beyond the grave (or at least from a lengthy period of inactivity), Witchfynde, once pretenders to Sabbath's Satanic sepulchre, now find themselves well adrift of such demon-strative metallurgists as Venom and Mercyful Fate.

It's been more than two years since the band's last LP, 'Stagefright', a period which has seen them undergo considerable personnel upheavals. However, now re-grouped with two new members in Luther Beltz and Pete Surgey, they're back with a hungry, saliva-dripping, determination.

Did I say 'hungry'? Just listen to the opening moments of the first track 'Devil's Playground'. You can't mistake the sound of a ravenous Werewolf tearing into the fresh flesh of it's victim (unless, it's Lemmy tucking into some fish 'n' chips). And a nasty piece of work it is, too. Certainly my hellishly fiendish hopes were stoked up for a rare gourmet treat of vintage gothic gore. But . . . 'Devil's Playground' turns out to be a cliché-ridden rat-trap, full of the usual sinister claps of empty laughter, gloomy, sub-Iommi gut-wrenches and King Diamond-style yelps. In short, more a mumble-jumble than hack 'n' slash.

'Crystal Gazing' does little to elevate the blood pressure, being all stodge and no substance. Yet, from here on in, things take a dramatic turn for the better. 'I'd Rather Go Wild', for instance, has a distinctive, lycanthropic snap, whilst 'Somewhere To Hide' is black metal imbued with the spirit of pop. However, the piece de resistance is saved for 'Cloak & Dagger'. Superbly constructed out of simple, repetitive rhythms, it builds into a sustained, neck-twisting claustrophobic brutality, clubbing the senses into a twilight state of delerium.

What a pity that like everything else here, it's spoilt by a production marginally less impressive than a gold-fish duet. Thus in common with Warlord's 'Deliver Us', this is an album of good material, whose impact has been softened by a terrible recording quality.

MALCOLM DOME

QUARTZ
'Against All Odds'
(Heavy Metal HMR LP9)

I SAW Quartz support Black Sabbath *seven years ago* and although they were called Bandylegs then they weren't as bad as the moniker suggested. A change of name to Quartz seemed to bring about a regression in musical ability and I thought I'd seen the worst HM band ever when they toured with Gillan. Now, against all odds (pun intended) they're back. Unbelievable.

In truth they have *improved* on my previous memories thanks to the arrival of a new singer named Geoff Bate. Also the production, (handled by the band themselves and Robin George) sounds very slick. Despite these two plus points though it's still pretty much "in-one-ear-out-the-other" stuff.

As ever Black Sabbath remain their idols and their sole influence. (It certainly sounds that way at least.) Tony Iommi gets another sleeve credit although I can't for the life of me understand why he involves himself in such a pale imitation of his own excellent works. Quartz guitarist Mike Hopkins sets his instrument up in virtually the exact tone as Tony's and although some of his work *is* pretty good, it lacks the fire of the original. Most of the songs are built on his rehashed Sabs riffs and these *don't* sound good beneath the glossy American-ised production. One saving grace is Geoff Nicholl's keyboards (see the Sabs connection *again!*) but some very pedestrian drumming all but cancels out his contributions.

Side Two's 'Silver Wheels' is good but too much of the rest sounds all too familiar and you'll come to it in the knowledge that it's all been done before and so much better! *Some* Black Sabbath fans might like it but I expect I'm in a majority who will find this record very dispensable.

NEIL JEFFRIES

STAMPEDE
'Hurricane Town'
(Polydor POLS 1083)

THIS ALBUM has been a long time coming, but the wait seems to have worked in its favour. Stampede have their origins in Bristol's Lautrec, a highly interesting outfit fronted by the dual Archer axis that didn't quite manage to keep its head above water thanks to being one of the first new HR outfits at a time when muppetmetal HM was all the rage. Thereafter the Archers resurfaced in the rather wobbly Wild Horses before giving up the fight against adversity and putting Stampede together on their own terms instead.

The approach is much more upfront than Lautrec ever were; Stampede are a sturdy, traditional British rock band falling somewhere between UFO and Thin Lizzy and therefore potentially well-placed to win a floating audience looking for new heroes. They don't feature too many frills/subtleties (call them what you will, depending from which side of the HM/HR fence you're approaching Stampede) and have all the scorch-marked characteristics of a band going for broke in a big way.

This debut album is certainly strong enough to win Stampede plenty of support and give them the opportunity to stretch themselves a little more in the future. Since they write genuine *songs* there's an inherent commerciality that could earn them hit singles ('I've Been Told', 'Love Letters', 'Turning In Circles') yet never detracts from the basic, ahem, *heaviness* of what they're doing. There's a mini-epic too in the form of the title track with its big, angry sound and Laurence Archer's incandescent guitarwork; in fact every track has an individual strength that I could drivel on about for ages, but maybe it suffices to point out that there's not a single lame duck aboard this debut release.

There's an awful lot of instability amongst the biggest heavy bands that Britain has these days, with line up changes and break ups happening almost week by week. At the very least Stampede are a cautioning slap in the face to the big boys, and quite possibly a knock out blow too.

PAUL SUTER

CINTRON
'Cintron'
(In Rock 1982 1-1R Import)

'Let's get back to the way rock used to be . . .'

Well, do you wanna do the time-warp and hop back to the dazzling days of Purple, Zeppelin, Mountain, Grand Funk etc? If not, then can I recommend liberal doses of 'Cintron', as a means of curing this deficiency.

Cintron aren't merely turning the clock back, they're taking a direct route from the heritage of 'first generation Heavy Rock', giving it a modern perspective, and in doing so making much fresher sounds than the majority of today's Priest/ Motorhead clones.

This New York trio genuinely EXCITE me, 'cos I think they've the basic material to be enormous. Look at it this way. Shunted into a rather twee production strait-jacket, this mini-LP still bristles and bustles in a most remarkable manner.

'Never To Return' weaves and bobs through a melodic franchise, at once offering a heroic hook-line, strong enough to bait even the most cynical pop fish whilst giving guitarist George Cintron considerable freedom to display his authoritative Page-esque virtuosity. 'Fortunate Son' is a rollicking re-working of the old Creedence song, and both 'Getaway' plus 'Going Crazy' mine a rich Hard Rock seam.

'Cintron. A legend for the 80s'. You'd better believe it, buddy!

MALCOLM DOME

DEMON
'The Plague'
(Clay LP 6)

I USED to think that Demon were among the UK's finest, not to mention most classy, up-and-coming hard rockers. Despite the sub-Wheatley connotations of that monicker, both their previous LPs ('Night Of The Demon' and 'The Unexpected Guest') displayed considerable melodic style.

But the illusion was rudely shattered when I saw them live at the tail-end of last year. They looked like a bunch of workingmen's club wallies with little or no idea of stage presentation – tres embarrassing!

'The Plague' (a concept album!) does little to rekindle my waning interest. I can readily understand why their previous label, Carrere, turned it down, and forced 'em to issue it via Clay. Yes, there are occasional signs of life after deaf. The title track, 'The Writings On The Wall' and the semi-slow 'Fever In The City' do spill over into quite tuneful territory. But for the most part, everything is so dull and drowned out by the nauseating sound of 'TOO MUCH KEYBOARD' that the final product is very much on the poor side of atrocious.

MALCOLM DOME

ARCANGEL
'Arcangel'
(Portrait BFR 38247 US IMPORT)

NO THIS isn't an Angel offshoot outfit! Far from it mate. Nope, Arcangel are a cross between the highly underrated Balance and the virtually ignored Art In America which I reviewed recently. They aren't exactly treading new ground; but could you see an English band do it better? Of course not. Only the yanks are capable of churning out endless amounts of harmonising A.O.R. Jeff Canata seems to be the man at the controls here. He penned virtually all the songs and plays most of the instruments too. And I wonder if Keven Nugent the guitarist is related to TED?

'Stars', which opens the album, is well pompy, lotsa synth keyboards, and Jeff Canata does have that Peppy Castro quality in his vocal delivery. But I much prefer toons like 'Tragedy', where the riffing guitars shine thru. 'Wanted: Dead Or Alive' is a blatant Balance rip-off: but that said this cut could quite easily bring in the greenbacks if it was released as a single. I'm a sucker for this sort of stuff so I naturally give Arcangel the green light. But I must warn you this is not an album for headbangers. And I wonder if Portrait will actually get behind one of their acts for a change? Let's hope so.

XAVIER RUSSELL

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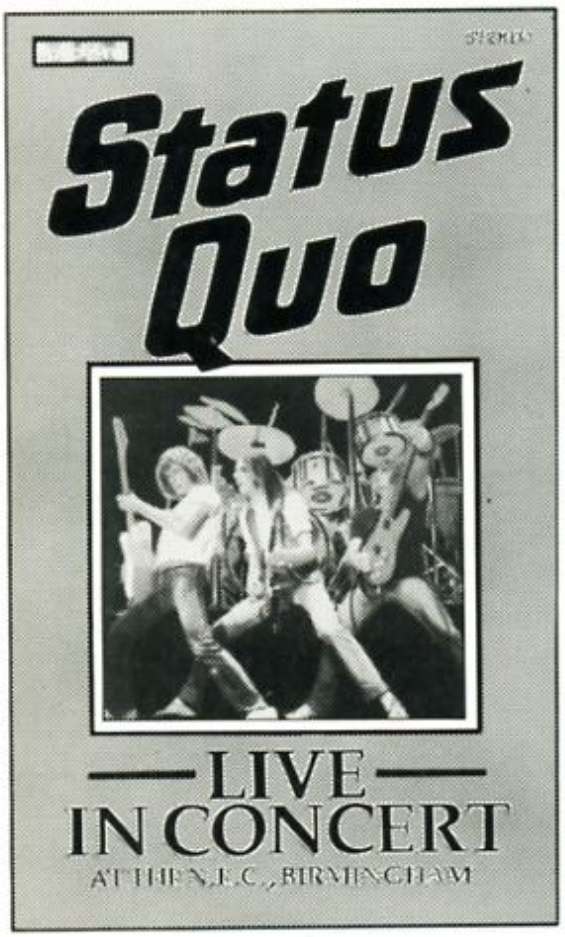

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SINGLES

reviewed by
BILLY CONNOLLY

MARILLION: 'Garden Party' (EMI)

Excellent single. The production is superb, it has a really American drum sound that always seems to be absent on British records. If you can listen happily to a guy in great voice with green lips and a monocle singing about his garden, this is the one, I love it. The drums are great.

THE TUBES: 'She's A Beauty' (EMI)

I had to go back and check the label on this one to see if I had put the right record on. Where have the Tubes gone? I mean the guys who did 'Don't Touch Me There'. The song is good and the record is beautifully produced, but it sounds like an awful lot of records I've heard before, sort of middle American would-be melodic hard rock. It's the kind of noise I should imagine the Eagles would make at a sound check, technically excellent, but no surprises.

TOTO: 'I Won't Hold You Back' (CBS)

Very West Coast American sound. I don't know quite how to put this, but there is a sweetness in this type of music, and this type of lyric of super sweet love that gives me nausea. It's all so self indulgent lyrically, so sort of Barry Manilowish. If it could be bottled it would be sold as hair-oil to second hand car dealers. It's a strange feeling, having to dry your hands after handling a record.

LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH: 'Live For Today' (IRS)

Has the feel of the late sixties British 'pop' about it, although, I gather from the sleeve that it was recorded in New York with Todd Rundgren producing, no less. It's a bit repetitive, but very good pop. Records like this sometimes sneak through the net, I hope this one does.

RICK SPRINGFIELD: 'The Human Touch' (RCA)

Rick has had the strangest career. He was a teen-idol in the early seventies and disappeared the way of all teen-idols only to re-emerge in the eighties as a heart-throb actor in a soap opera and have a sudden kiss-of-life type rejuvenation to find himself a rock star again, all of which must be very pleasant. This single is a beauty, and deserves to be a monster, I hope it is, he deserves it.

FASTWAY: 'We Become One' (CBS)

The rock world seems to abound with Robert Plant sound-alikes. I love this kind of sound, very tight phrasing, mental but tight drumming, screaming guitar licks, everything I wanted to be myself in my fantasy world when I wasn't being Kenny Dalgliesh. Unfortunately the sound is dated, what a shame.

JOURNEY: 'Faithfully' (CBS)

A magnificent record from a magnificent band. Beautifully written, played, sung and produced. A cracker, they don't come any better than this. Oh how I wish more bands would listen to records like this and learn how it's done.

GRAND ALLIANCE: 'Call Me' (A&N)

Don't panic, it isn't Jenkins, Owen, Williams & Rodgers. An excellent single, the kind of single that seldom makes it now in Britain. The lead singer has a kind of Phil Collins quality to his voice. The harmonies are perfect, the overall sound second to nothing, and the song beautifully written. I love this kind of thing, I hope it's a monster.

WITCHCRAFT: 'Running Away' (Musk)

Witchcraft are apparently a Heavy Metal band from Switzerland. I thought the Swiss idea of Heavy Metal was a truck load of fifty pence pieces. Mind you, two guys in the band rejoice in the surname of McTanner. They have obviously been listening to Led Zeppelin, which in my opinion is a healthy pursuit, but they should try for a more original attack. The song is good, the playing good, but I've heard it all before.

STYX: 'Don't Let It End' (A&M)

This record has that strange undefinable 'American' sound. It sounds like it could be a monster there, but that noise has seldom met with success here. It's a bit moon in June for me, a bit too sweet. The singing is superb. Unfortunately I don't think it'll get much airplay, this type of record seldom does. As a matter of fact, if proportional representation is brought into the British voting system, then it should also be brought into the radio/television record playing situation, then people like Styx would be heard by more people and as a result have lots more hits.

SEDUCER: 'Call Your Name'

Quaintly dated sound. It's a bit like being at the Roundhouse in the early seventies, or at one of those terrible outdoor festivals in Belgium where, by four o'clock in the morning everyone sounded like this. The record starts well with some fast and flashy acoustic picking, but the promise of something original fades with the entry of some pretty tired sounding Heavy Metal riff. There is a picture on the sleeve of what I take to be the band in the back of a van looking mean and moody in leather jackets and sneakers, they look a bit like Status Quo roadies really.

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DEF LEPPARD: SMOKI

TAKE THE creak of a rusty coffin hinge (Christopher Lee issue), add the blast from a wounded 'whoopee cushion' and scramble both lightly through a crackling phone line . . . follow these instructions carefully and you'll have some idea of the sound that reaches 'these ears' (donated for the occasion by Steve Gett) from darkest Quebec . . .

"I've never had 'angover like it," confides Leppard vocalist Joe Elliott, audibly ailing after a hard evening dousing his tonsils and several competing chests. "Phil (Collen) and I judged a wet teeshirt contest last night – we 'ad to pour the water over the shirts!"

Hmm . . . nice work if you can get it and, these days, Leppard *can*. Britannia may be disinclined to grasp them to her (unmoistened) bosom, but American audiences show no such reticence, clamouring round a band whose latest album, 'Pyromania', has turned platinum in Canada and shifted two million copies plus in the US, achieving near chart-topping status along the way (at the time of writing it stands at Number 4 in the album chart with 'High & Dry' at 82).

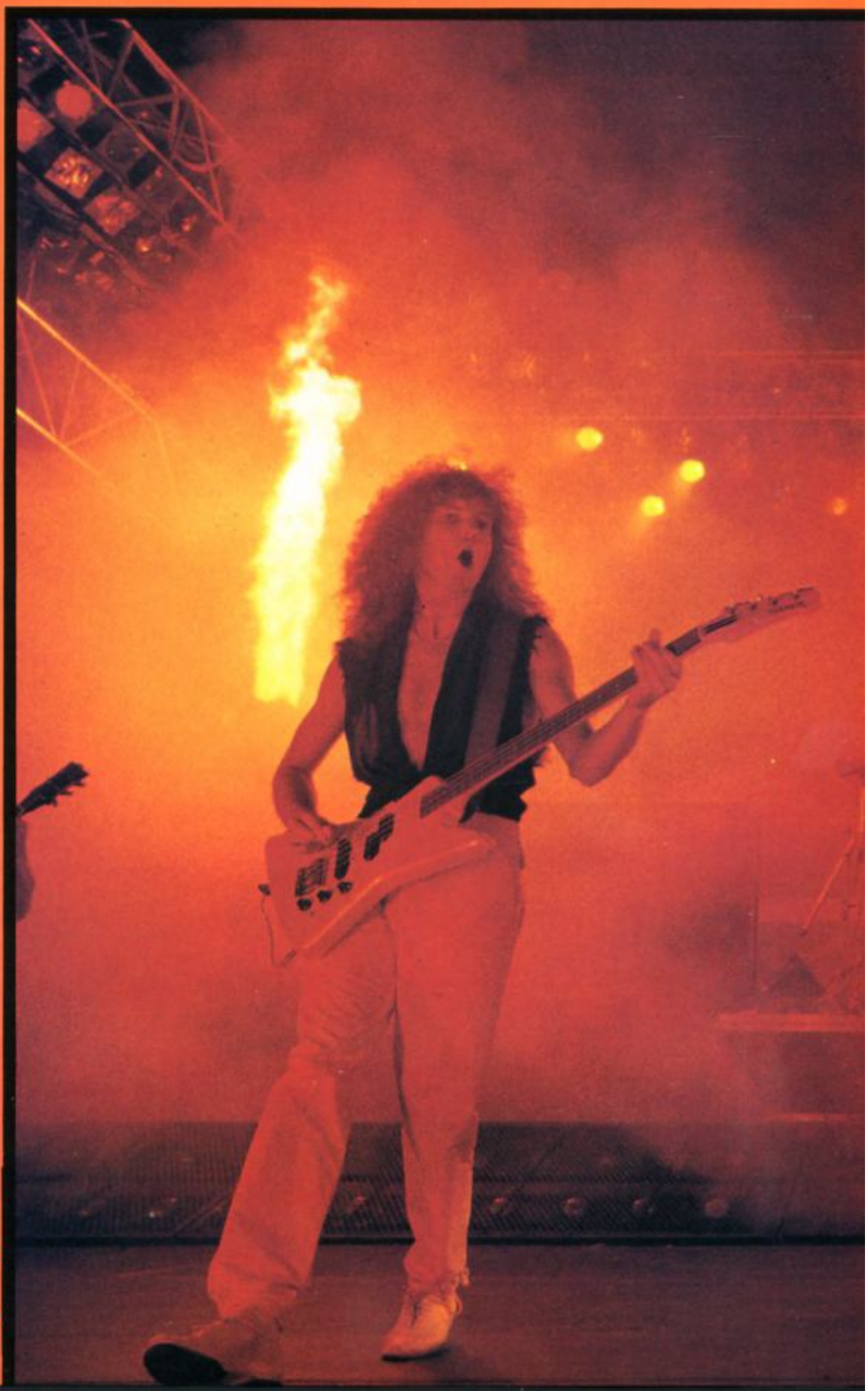
Arriving Stateside on March 18, the band did 23 shows as support to Billy Squier then took the decision to headline, going out above Krokus and Jon Butcher Axis (the latter hailed by Elliott as "brilliant"). At present, however, the third-on-the-bill spot is being occupied by Gary Moore, who'll stay with the Def boys for about a month, and it seems likely that, come July, a rejuvenated Uriah Heep will link up with the tour, scheduled to end on September 20 having taken in two shows at the LA Forum and two in Hawaii ("*aloha!*"-*Ross Halfin*)

Having to project in arenas holding anything from 6-15,000 people, the band are now packing a spectacular onstage arsenal that regularly rocks the scaffolding/barbed-wire set with explosions, 30-foot flames and giant catherine wheels, the latter coming to life during 'Rock Of Ages' which looks like being the next single here.

Once US commitments have been honoured, the band plan a seven week tour of Europe, including (definitely) a gig at Nottingham Rock City – cancelled on the last UK outing – and (possibly) a London date. But when you can sell out a gig in Detroit in just three hours, and part with more tickets there over two nights than you can albums in England, it's clear where your attention is likely to be focused. And that's not bitching - just hard fact.

Hello America, *au revoir* Neasden.

DANTE BONUTTO



All pics by Ross Halfin

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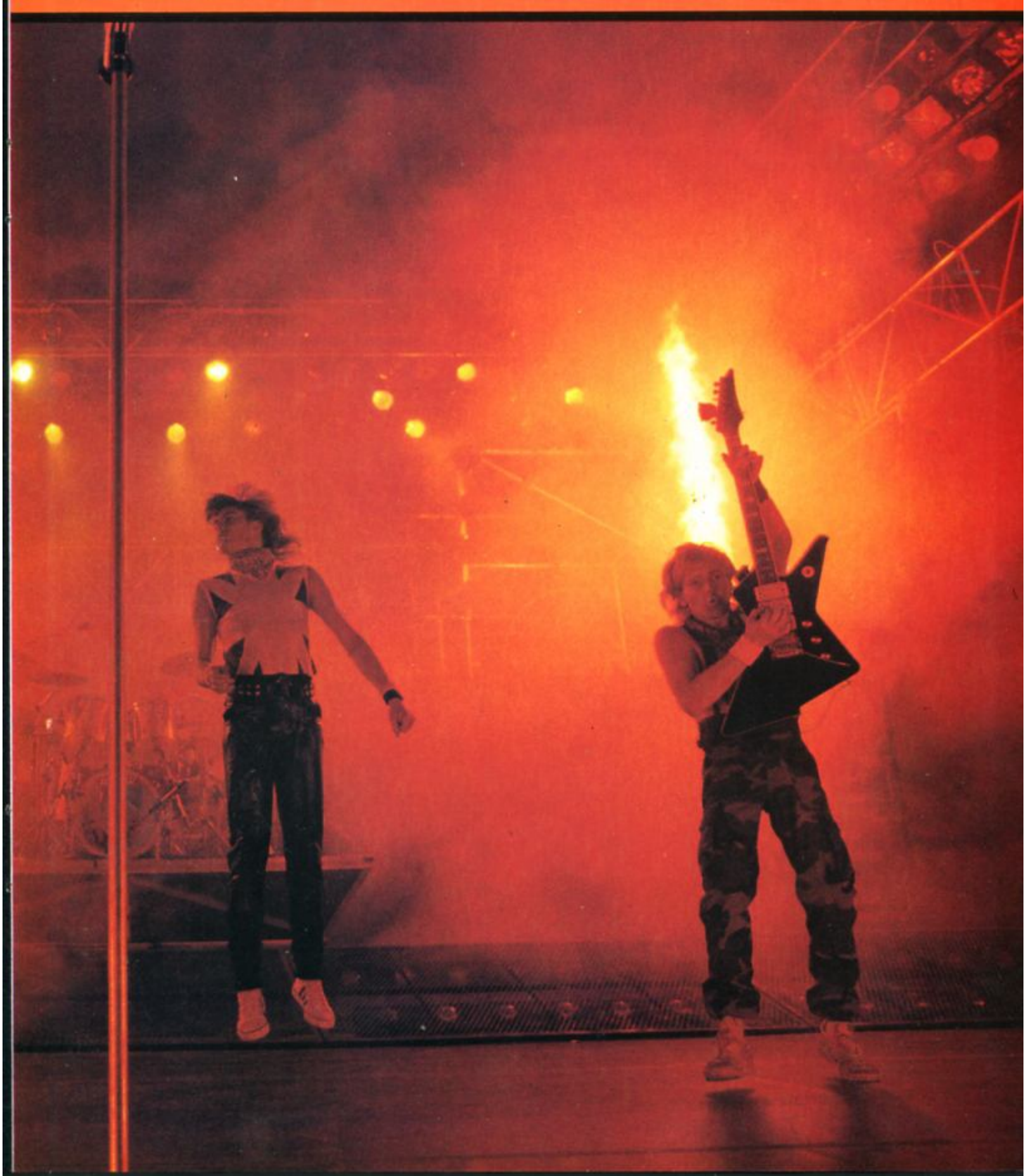

JOE ELLIOTT (left) and PHIL COLLEN

DEFF LEPPARD line up Southern Metal style during 'The Switch'.

DEF JOURNEY backstage before the latter's gig at the Rupp Arena in Lexington Kentucky. Left to right: Jonathan Cain, Rick Savage, Ross Valory, Neal Schon, Phil Collen, Steve Clarke, Joe Elliott.

(VAN) HELLANBACH?

But the Geordie four-piece don't take the compliment

WHEN IN *Kerrang!* number 42 I described Hellanbach's debut LP, 'Now Hear This', as: *"the album that could have been made as the follow-up to Van Halen's classic debut of 1978"*, I was quite unprepared for the response my review would prompt from Hellanbach themselves. It was clearly a compliment they didn't relish, a comparison they were not happy with and did not wish to play up to.

Guitarist Dave Patton summed up their attitude when I went to speak to him at Neat Records' 'Green Room' (despite interruptions from a phantom piano player in the studio above): "It's a compliment I suppose, but we don't *want* it to stick and we don't *intend* to get stuck with it . . ."

Singer Jimmy Brash is also present and is nodding in firm agreement whilst shouting abuse at the overhead ivory-tickler, rumoured to be Neat boss Dave Wood! I stand by my comparison but concede that there are no covers or *direct* 'steals' on the album. They're at a loss to see why other bands don't come in for the same kind of 'stick'. Dave:

"It's just cos Eddie Van Halen is the big thing at the minute, but nobody's saying *he* rips off Allan Holdsworth who's been playing like that for years! . . . I saw a photo recently of the guitarist in Silverwing and he's got the exact same stripey guitar as Eddie, but no review ever mentions *that*."

Jimy chips in:

"Saxon are the same. Biff's got ties 'round his knees, all the scarves and Dave Lee Roth gear and nobody says a damn *thing!*"

OK, OK! I get the message lads! They reckon the next LP will sound "nothing like Van Halen" and that they bear no resemblance to the Mighty VH. Personally, I can see no harm in sounding similar and, whilst they don't deny the influence, it seems unnecessary to be so paranoid at this early stage in their career. Still . . .

Let's back-track a bit and get some more formal introductions out of the way. As well as Dave and Jimmy the band features Kev Charlton on bass and Barry Hopper on drums, though the album was recorded with their previous sticksman, Steve Walker. They had their first record, a seven inch four-track EP, released in 1980. They're not particularly proud of it today – "Oh that shite. Best forgotten!" Fair comment I would say, as it's far from clear if there's a drummer on it *at all!* Well produced it *wasn't!*

Neat picked up on them later, though, and put out one of their numbers on the *Sounds/ Kerrang!* '60 Minute Plus Metal' compilation tape. More recently came another track, amongst offerings from three other bands, on a 'live-in-the-studio' EP entitled 'One Take No Dubs'. Then, finally, the album 'Now Hear This' . . .

Although it would obviously have sounded better with some real heavyweight production, it stands up as a very respectable affair. Hellanbach offered Keith Nicholl "plenty of constructive criticism" after the first mix so now it offers far more than you could fairly ask of an indie debut recorded in just three days.

Perhaps the most striking facet is Dave Patton's guitar work, which should impress all, bar the most cloth-eared of listeners. Clearly, his ten years studying the instrument have proved worthwhile.

"I've been playing since I was 12. When I first started I was training as a *flamenco* guitarist – only for a matter of weeks – but I learnt the basics doing that. There's still a lot of it in my style today; I use a lot of hammer-ons, play with my fingers as well as a plec."

The band recently played a gig with Raven at the Newcastle Mayfair and they hope to do some small headliners of their own before long. Dave: "You come and see Hellanbach and you'll get a shock! There's no big effects or bombs or anything like that cos we don't need them – we can play with other peoples' gear if we have to – but it's still our show and our show is *very* athletic. I know a lot of bands say they're athletic but they're not compared to us."

Jimmy: "It's very *contact* based. Between us and the crowd. I can't bear going to see bands who play in glass boxes. When *we* go on it's like: 'Well, here w'are! Let's be friends!!' and we get everybody into it. It's like a short, sharp, shock – people are gahn: 'Holy *Shit!* '

If they are as good as their word and can live up to their promises then things could go well for Hellanbach. (Oh, they'd probably like me to point out that, onstage, thoughts of Van Halen "just don't come into it. People who've been coming to see us for years never mention it.") I, for one, am also hoping that their set includes the Walt Disney tune that closes the LP – 'Everybody Wants To Be A Cat'. How did they come to choose that cover I wonder? Jimmy explains that, despite its *Kerrang!* approved treatment, it had decidedly dodgy origins:

"Well, we all like the Stray Cats and we were just jamming around for a couple of days playing 'Runaway Boys' and things! From there, the idea of doing it just seemed to flow naturally. So we tried to get hold of a video of 'The Aristocats' but couldn't find one anywhere, and we still haven't seen one since we did it! In the end it was all done from memory – or made up! I'm sure I've got some of the words wrong but what the hell!!!"

Finally, I promise to go and watch Hellanbach play live so that the opinions I'd voiced earlier might be *corrected*(?!?), then Dave and Jimmy are away leaving me to ponder. In the end, I decide that the album is an indication that the band have enough talent of their own. Where they go from here is down to hard work and Lady Luck. I've got my fingers crossed that the good Lady is kind to them.

NEIL JEFFRIES

"I can't bear going to see bands who play in glass boxes. When we go on it's like . . . a short sharp, shock People are gahn: 'Holy Shit!' "

(left-right) Kev Charlton, Jimmy Brash, Dave Patton, Barry Hopper.

KULTURE! EDITED BY MALCOLM DOME

FILMS

'MONTY PYTHON'S THE MEANING OF LIFE' (15)
DURING THE last war, the Germans made big budget films to take the public's mind off the stress of war. But unlike the wartime spectacular 'Baron Munchausen', the special effects and elaborate scenes of the new Python film are designed to *inculcate* stress and anxiety. It lavishly depicts child birth, nausea, cruel tortures, violent death and mutilation, interspersed with propaganda attacks on religion and social conventions that the Nazis would have banned from their cinemas. But then, they were hypocrites and the Pythons are out to strip away the cotton wool of our padded, comfortable beliefs.

At least, that, I suppose, is the idea. Actually I personally think Messrs Cleese, Chapman, Palin, Idle, Jones and Gilliam undergo a spasm of collective madness when they get together. How else can one explain a scene where a man has his liver removed by thugs, rendered realistic with horrible, protracted screams and buckets of blood? Or the buckets of sick in a scene where a huge fat man throws up (for about ten minutes) all over a restaurant full of diners? (reminiscent of Geoff Banks – Ed)

In unlinked sequences, they ponder on life, death, sex, war, health, education, sin and outer space. Huge chunks of it are surprisingly boring, and attempts are made at salvage by resorting to TV techniques – abrupt cuts and jumps, pioneered in the much loved Python series that spawned this 'cinema nasty'.

There are a few funny moments. The cast as goldfish greeting each other like commuters; John Cleese as an army officer strolling unscathed through a raging battle and Michael Palin fathering a huge tribe of grimy children. Best scene is a dinner party where 'Death' (the Grim Reaper) is talked down to by the upper class guests. When he beckons them to 'the other side' they respond 'shall we take the cars?'

The Python team should now split up. They all produce much better things individually, and the savagery that engulfs their collective works will only result in serious psychological damage – to themselves and those around them. CHRIS WELCH

The Python team getting to the heart (oh all right, liver) of the matter

'HALLOWEEN III' (15)
WOULD YOU buy a Halloween mask from an Irish-American crank who made a fortune on silly practical jokes, and intends using 'em for a sinister (devilish) purpose?

Yeah, well, suspension of all believability (not to mention good taste) is a pre-requisite before parking your posterior on a high-priced cinema seat and going trick or treating with the third of the 'Halloween' series.

Quite honestly, this is a very poor effort. Not connected in any shape or form with its two predecessors, 'III' involves elements of ancient witchcraft (King Diamond would be impressed) and modern sci-fi gadgetry. Oh, and a small measure of rather twee gross-out attempts, the sort that doesn't so much turn your stomach as your wallet, as you remonstrate with yourself for having forked out hard cash to watch such crud.

The goodies of the 'plot' are beef-cake doctor Daniel Challis (Tom Atkins) and the quite lovely Ellie Grimbridge (Stacey Nelkin – latest to qualify for *Kerrang's* 'most beautiful woman in the world' accolade). Up against 'em is arch-nutter and part-time computer operator Conal Cochran (Dan O'Herlihy), aided by an army of androids!

It's the sort of situation that Macnee/Rigg-era 'Avengers' would have tackled with wit, style and pacing, all which are conspicuous by their total absence here. I bet Marti Webb's stage act is more outrageous than this! MALCOLM DOME

'TALES OF ORDINARY MADNESS' (18)
NO, THIS isn't a movie on the life of Ozzy Osbourne. Not unless Ozzy is a down'n'out drunk poet who lives in L.A. 'T.O.O.M' is yer actual 'Art' with a capital 'A', and it's not often you see art movies reviewed in *Kulture*. But this is such a powerful flick, it deserves a special mention.

Maroc Ferreri is an Italian film maker who's always done his best to shock and offend his public and, mostly, succeeded. One of his early films, 'Blow Out', could only manage a GLC X-certificate, the censor found it so tasteless.

His direction is spot-on here, with Ben Gazzara as the drunken poet very convincing – Geoff Banks couldn't have done it better – our poor hero preferring to mix with drunks and down'n'outs rather than the L.A. jet set.

The main strength of this film is the choice of locations. Ferreri has done his homework and dug up some real seedy locations, which perfectly sum up L.A. – a glorified toilet.

For some reason best known to himself, women always seem to have a rough time in Ferreri's films. Our poet does seem to have the knack for pulling the ladies, and one scene in particular is well done. Gazzara eyes up a typical 'Valley'-type gal on Venice Beach, and ends up back at her place. She goes beserk and rapes *him*. Then, while Gazzara is recovering in a steaming hot tub, the cops come in and bust him – too much, eh?

But it gets worse! Gazzara then gets involved with an out-to-lunch hooker, who carries a 12-inch safety pin around with her. And the scene where she's propped up at the bar and forces the pin in one cheek and out the other certainly turned my stomach.

Yes folks, toilet humour coupled with shocks and touches of breath-taking photography adds up to the film of the year so far. XAVIER RUSSELL

'TREASURE OF THE FOUR CROWNS' (PG)
'RIPPING YARNS' time again, my merry mayhemic ones. Don your 3D glasses, take a large slug on your *Kiora* orange, wrap your laughing gear round a bag of popcorn and sit back and be entertained.

Not really as good as, but definitely in the vein of 'Raiders Of The Lost Tart', 'TOTFC' certainly kept me out of trouble for an hour and a half. Well, apart from my uncontrolled burst of hysteria when one of my fellow reviewers, rather on the largish side, decided to plant her bum on the seat behind me, only to have it collapse under the strain!

But I'm wandering from the plot my little Kerrangoids ... what you get is packs of crazed dogs, vultures who only fly in slow motion, nine-foot pythons, crushing walls, rolling balls of fire, ancient torture instruments, suits of armour and skeletons, all of which come to life – and that's just in the first ten minutes. Ripping, real Ripping.

J.T. Striker, soldier of fortune and adventure, has been employed by Professor Montgomery, long time expert on (and proud owner of one of) the four rather mystical crowns, to recover the two remaining ones from the evil-eyed Brother Jonas, who keeps them locked in his impregnable fortress. As for these crowns, well they have golden balls (if only we were all so lucky) which contain the powers of good and evil, and a scroll which explains their powers. Oh yeah, and one has been destroyed by the Arabs.

The story has a good beginning, a fairish middle and a spectacular ending, as well as being made in 3D – worth a visit to your local silver screen. MR.S.

NEWS

THE EVER-expanding Virgin empire has just launched its latest project – Virgin Computer Games. Altogether, eight different programmes are now available, selected from over 500 ideas sent in by hopeful programmers across the country. "The final choice of eight games was determined by their originality and entertainment value," according to VCG managing director Nick Alexander.

CHANNEL 4 (bless 'em) are to screen a series of ten of the worst films ever made. Featuring such 'Golden Turkeys' as 'Plan 9 From Outer Space', 'Santa Claus Conquers The Martians' and 'They Saved Hitler's Brain', each film will be preceded by a short introduction from Michael Medved, the man originally responsible for creating the 'bad film cult' through his scholarly book on the subject a few years ago.

LATEST FILM to flow from the Roger Corman camp is entitled 'Sorceress'. Apparently, it's a variation on the 'Conan' theme, the difference being that the sword-wielding heroes are in fact *heroines!!* The pic stars twins Leigh and Lynette Harris, and was directed by Brian Stuart.

LATEST SUPERHERO to hit the big screen is the peculiarly-named 'Yor'. The film is the result of a business amalgamation between Turkish and Italian interests and stars one Rep Brown who shot briefly to fame on US TV as Captain America. The movie has now been picked up by Columbia Pictures.

THE KIDS ARE BACK

We walk the streets
In tattered armies
We got the lion in our heart.
We're not lookin' for trouble
Just for some fun
But we're all ready if you wanna start.

So, just remember
The kids are back
The kids are back
Oh, watch out
The kids are back.

Well, can you blame us
For living our dreams?
Just look around you and you'll see
Why we don't want to follow
That same routine
Maybe it's for nothin' but we gotta try.

(repeat chorus)

Now there's no problem
No need to fuss
We ain't out to stop your fun.
Don't mind us askin'
'Cause we gotta know
How can we stop it when you're havin' none?

(repeat chorus)

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OLD WOMEN gather on the balconies opposite, wide-eyed children giggle and point, the regulars of the Prince of Wales don't know *what* to think . . . "Look at the state of *him!?*" says one bemused drinker. "Ah, but I bet he's on more money than you'll *ever* make!" replies his mate. Who knows!?! But Twisted Sister are now Big In Deptford where they recently shot sequences for their new *American* single 'You Can't Stop Rock'N'Roll'. SE 8 may never be the same again.

The Sick Ones arose at the unearthly hour of 5.30am (a time when most Bad Boys are only just turning in remember!) and filming began around seven. The morning was plagued with problems. Firstly, two equipment trucks got stuck in mud then only luck saw a disaster avoided when, during a chase scene, the car the band were in came a cropper on uneven ground and lost its petrol tank. Jay Jay tries not to think just how serious that *could* have been. "We got the *whole thing* on film!" he says. What a trooper . . .

The plot is simple but the script elaborate. Our Heroes are being chased by two detectives from, wait for it, the Taste Squad. But, like the song says, you can't stop rock'n'roll and even this pair of old squares get converted in the end, finally joining the other SMFs at the gig that night.

Corny for sure but all

Pics Ray Palmer

very professionally done and everyone works hard. No *prima donna* antics from the band and no sign of fatigue either come the final onstage scenes shot at the Venue – even though everyone had been up 16 hours by this time.

"Bet you thought this shit was *easy!*" jibed Jay Jay at the small band of SMF card-carrying 'extras' as they ran through yet another take. Dee kept them entertained, meanwhile, with his wise-cracking cabaret act. I swear the whole band grew three inches once there was a crowd as well as a camera to perform for!

Earlier, back in Deptford, Dee had had to be content with just the crew, one dog and a gang of local urchins on BMX bikes. "'Ere, issat blonde'un the lead singer? Gissa piece a-paper, I won' 'is autograph – wassis name?" The kids give him a crash course in Sarf-East accents and jokes and, in return, get their bikes borrowed and a free lesson in "cursing". Little souls! Little souls!

With the final shots in the can, the Venue is cleared leaving the band to ponder achieving Rula Lenska-scale Stateside fame. Can they *handle* it? *Sure* they can you muthas! Today Deptford, tomorrow Hollywood and the world! You can't stop rock'n'roll and you can't stop Twisted Sister.

NEIL JEFFRIES

SPIRIT OF PEART

By Dave Dickson.

Part Two of a major interview with Neil Peart of Rush.

Do you think you, as a public figure known fairly well throughout the Western Hemisphere have a right to a private life?

"I have more than a right. I'm not a public figure, I never wanted to be, never asked to be, never tried to be, never worked to be. So I have more than a right to a private life.

"I'm a very reserved person by nature and I hate the importance that's attached to me as an individual over here; that doesn't exist in America. That's a thing I appreciate very much about over there; they have other things to think about. It's a very British thing and it's a very British problem that exists among the young people here that they think a public figure is somehow a special person set apart, they think that they're people who don't have normal functions, and consequently they treat us as such over here.

"It's one of the reasons why we feel uncomfortable and can't think about doing an extended tour here anymore. Those people have no conception of you as a human being and they feel they have the right – more than the right! It doesn't even come down to any morality at all – they just feel you owe them everything and consequently you have no life of your own. They'll 'phone you up in the middle of the night or at the crack of dawn, they'll knock on your door, they'll peek in your windows; it's shameless!

"They feel they can stand outside our hotel room and stare into a place where I'm sitting reading a book like a normal human being – and there's people staring at me! That makes me furious, that just makes me violently angry! Like I said, it's just one of the things that makes us very uncomfortable here."

But to be a 'star' there must be something intrinsic to your character to set you apart from 'normal' human beings.

"No, that's a very British attitude, it's absolutely untrue. Why do you think so many musicians have so many problems with alcohol, drugs, self-image and self-esteem? I've known enough of these personally to see that I'm not the only one who has difficulty dealing with it. People are not different, the people that do perform onstage, granted, sure they have a talent but it's no different from having a talent for architecture or gardening . . ."

Except that there must be a quality in you that enables you to go out in front of 20,000 people and entertain them.

"I can only do it in my own way. I couldn't go out there and dance for them, I couldn't go out there and sing for them or recite Shakespeare, I'd be terrified. But the fact that I've played drums since I was too young to know any different means there's no nervousness about it because it's my job, it's my life.

"The mechanics of our lives are not so different really, it's just the way people look at them and how difficult people make our lives that makes it so rare. It's really not so weird. I've had a lot of other kinds of jobs too and they're really very much the same."

Can you explain why the majority of Mega-bands in the States, the likes of Styx, Journey and Toto, are so remarkably faceless?

"In Europe there's nothing to lose. In Europe if a band gets together and starts as a garage band, as all bands do, they really don't have any hope. Let's face it, European bands do get successful but if you're starting as a garage band and playing pubs and so on the chances of getting beyond that are so minimal that you have to think, well, you might as well do what you want. And that's why a band can come out of Europe and be successful because they feel they have nothing to lose. Whereas in America, even if you get no farther than the bars you can still make a lot of money so there's always that carrot hanging in front of those bands. They know if they homogenise their music enough and if they sell-out enough even playing in the bars they can make thousands of dollars a week. That's why when those bands become successful they've already sold-out so far they wouldn't know how to be adventurous or unusual if they tried."

So how much of what you do out there onstage is just another day's work, or does 'art' intrude as well?

"Aah, that's a hard thing to talk about, the 'artistic' aspect of it. I tend to separate them, for convenience sake, into 'inspiration' and 'craftsmanship'. Inspiration is not a thing you can predict or call to mind at will. So, in a lyrical sense, I keep a little notebook all the time of little ideas, and that's inspiration. We usually take a month at songwriting and that's the time of craftsmanship. Everybody brings their little ideas and their little bits of inspiration in there, and that's the artistic side of it. And when you actually get together and try to work on songs or I'm sitting down trying to work out lyrics it really becomes craftsmanship at that point. The artistic part has to be the spontaneity, the happy chance, the serendipity of it, really, is what it comes down to.

"So you try to balance those two things out. You know that people have gone to a lot of trouble and they've spent a lot of money and they attach a lot of importance to your concert so you try hard every time to make it as good as it possibly can be, and I can honestly say we have never done a show that was compromised in us giving as much as we can give.

"There's been times when we've certainly

given shows that weren't *great* but it hasn't been our fault for whatever reason – whether it's been something biological, something chemical or something technological. As much as we can do anything about it and as much as we can be in the right frame for it I know that we have that same drive every night to be as good as we possibly can regardless of whether it's in front of 10,000 people here or 2000 in Hamburg, or years ago when we'd be opening up a show and have a half-hour set.

"But at this point in our career the audience's expectations are so high and they have so many relations to the songs because they remember when they first heard it or a special time when they heard it, they remember the friends they were with when they heard that song and how much it has meant to them over the years. All of those subjective things I understand so well. It's not shallowness the fact that they appreciate your show regardless, it's just the fact that we've been doing it for so long that a bad show to us is just a matter of degree.

"If you look at 100% as the very best we could do, we never go lower than 90%; at this point we never give a really horrendous show, but there are nights that are better than others. Some nights you walk off stage just feeling like 99%, tonight was just fantastic! And there's other nights when 90% makes you feel like a fraud! You walk off stage and you know you haven't played like an idiot, you haven't played terribly but you just haven't played as well as you know you can, and you just feel like those people have been cheated!"

Do you think that post-'Farewell To Kings' Rush are now trying to disengage themselves from pre-'Farewell To Kings' Rush, after all you're now playing only about four numbers from before that album?

"Well, that's just a limitation. It's just the fact that we have so many albums of songs to choose from now and obviously we like what we've done more recently than what we did eight years or nine years ago. The old songs that we no longer have any association with at all, playing them would simply be 'going through the motions', it's dishonest! So in spite of the fact that people might feel cheated by the fact that we didn't play it we can't feel wrong about that. It would be wrong of us to go the other way and play all those songs totally dishonestly with no satisfaction for ourselves and no challenge, no fulfilment. To me that would be the cheapest thing we could possibly do.

"It's natural, I think, with any writer or artist, as you progress, the better you get the more you like what you're doing. I like the last three albums much more, that to me is what I always wanted us to be so that's what I would rather represent. You have a stronger responsibility to your newer material because it represents you today; something that represented you six or eight years ago isn't necessarily true anymore."

Are you trying to get away from that 'Heavy Metal' tag?

"Well, I never accepted it so I don't care. Because someone calls you an asshole doesn't mean you're an asshole, so you can't accept someone else's opinion of you as being you. It's the same for an individual as it is for the band; if someone calls you a jerk, too bad, they think you're a jerk, you can't call yourself a jerk: 'He thinks I'm a jerk, I must be one!!' It's the same as: 'They think we're Heavy Metal, we must be Heavy Metal!!' I've never thought of us that way, ever, and still don't and never will."

Let's talk about manipulation. Are you in fact manipulating your audience?

"It's not manipulation, it's just communication. In a sense it's where you have done something

"I've never thought of us as Heavy Metal, ever, and never will"

so well that people respond to it. The perfect example of that is '2112', that's the first album of ours that really reached people and it was exactly the opposite of being calculating because we were being totally rebellious at the time. We were rebelling against the whole industry, the thing that was trying to manipulate *us*. There were a lot of people telling us what we should do and that what we were planning to do was all wrong and we should forget it all. So that album was a total rebellion against manipulation, but at the same time that cause led to the effect of that album being so passionate and so angry that it reached people. So how can you call that manipulation.

"Things like singing along with 'Closer To The Heart', we never knew that would happen. We didn't write that song thinking this is a song the audience can sing along with. And the first time it happened we were surprised, wonderfully surprised! It happened by accident and it's still a very lovely thing.

"I can never look on people as a *mass*. You can say it's manipulation when we shine the lights out on the audience but it's an important psychological thing to us because it's the only part of the show where we see each one, even if it's only little circles, we see each individual in the audience as a person."

But they are all reacting as one *in the same way that if they went to a football match they'd act as one.*

"Well, yeah, that's frightening, yeah, that has its bad side, no question about it. Mob rule, there's nothing more frightening than that. And from our fans that's one of the things that makes me very uncomfortable because you know a mob has no brain, but again, it's not something I can do anything about. Granted there is a mass mentality that exists everywhere and that's what happened in Germany in WW11! And that's what happens at a football match too where people get killed and stomped on and get broken bottles smashed in their faces and darts thrown at their heads and stuff.

"That kind of mindless violence happens all over the world. It's very fashionable in Europe to say: 'Oh, that only happens in America!', but it's worse here! In America it's gangsters killing other gangsters and pimps killing other pimps. Granted, there's all the guns and all kinds more murder but over here it's people thinking that, oh, this is more important than life so we'll blow up a church full of children. These things that go on over here are far, far more sickening than two criminals killing each other. A human life is a human life but you've got to recognise the fact that this is a pimp killing a drug-pusher on the streets of New York whereas over here it's an innocent mother or an innocent young boy getting killed.

"Those kind of things, to me, are just so appalling that I can hardly believe that it's possible for them to feel superior and say: 'Well, it doesn't matter, it's for the Irish cause. It doesn't matter if we kill a hundred innocent people, it's for somethimg more important than their lives!' And let's face it, that's what happens in Russia, that's what happened in Nazi Germany; it's the same mentality, that something is more important than a life. To my mind nothing is more important than a life so that kind of mindless violence I find more appalling than anything."

Isn't that exactly what's going on in El Salvador though, where the great cause of the 'American Way' is being threatened by the onrush of Communism?

"Ah, you don't know that, I don't know that. I wouldn't presume to judge. I think the El Salvadorians are killing each other. I don't think America cares one way or the other what happens in Central America. It's all a matter of what's being done by force; America wouldn't have to care what Russia was doing if Russia wasn't so determined to do everything by force."

Can you see Rush ever playing a Soviet bloc country?

"Yeah, we have no prejudices, we are free people. As far as I'm concerned it's unfortunate that people are forced to think or do anything. I don't care, I'm not that passionate about politics. Politics is much more important in Europe than it is anywhere else. And I don't care; if these people choose to live that way that's wonderful but the fact that they don't get to choose is horrible and I will never, ever accept the fact that it's OK for them to be forced to be anything".

Somewhere along the line Rush picked up this image of being the ultimate Capitalist band.

"Aah, no-one knows what Capitalism is anymore than they know what Socialism is. It's the same as calling us a Heavy Metal band, no-one knows what it means so what difference does it make? I don't call myself a Capitalist because I know that that has unfortunate connotations. I call myself an individualist because no-one knows what that means either – except me. So if anyone asks me to put an 'ism' after my name I'll say I'm an individualist because to me an individual life is the ultimate, supreme value in the world."

How much are you prepared to sacrifice to retain that?

" 'Sacrifice' – those things don't go together, you don't sacrifice. Any compromise, any sacrifice, necessitates giving up a good thing and I don't choose to choose there. I want everything. What can you sacrifice anyway?"

Your life, ultimately.

"Well then, that's not individualism because what's worth more than your life? A person that I love, yes. I would die for a person that I love, if I were forced into that but I hope I never would be."

But in the event of an all-out war would you fight for your country?

"Not just for the country, no. But people that I care about I would do anything for, sure. I would gladly barricade my house and get machine-guns and canons and hand-grenades and everything, certainly I would. I would never let that be walked over."

On an individual level but not on a national level?

"I'm not nationalistic, that kind of chauvinism is pathetic."

MAYHEM

■ THE NEW **MSG** album (which has a working title of **'Damage Control'**) should be out by the end of July, although no release date has yet been officially fixed.

Produced by **Louis Austin** and the band, and recorded at Ridge Farm, the track listing is: **'Rock My Night Away'**, **'Gonna Make You Mine'**, **'Dogs Of War'**, **'Systems Failing'**, **'Captain Nemo'** (an instrumental), **'Red Sky'**, **'Time Waits'**, **'Don't Take It Out On Me'** and **'Still Love That Little Devil'**.

The last-named cut is to be issued as a single. And, according to our man with his ears firmly plastered to the stereo, both this and the remainder of the LP are *"brilliant . . . I was staggered and amazed at how good it was"*. Watch out for an interview with Herr **Schenker** next issue.

■ TOWARDS THE end of this year, you can expect a veritable Suterian invasion to hit these shores from Canada. **Loverboy** are likely to be doing selected dates sometime in September (some consolation for **Journey's** recent decision to postpone their UK visit), and **Saga** are to follow in their wake during November. The latter are now booked to tour Europe throughout October and November and, according to an official source, concerts are presently being scheduled for London.

■ HERE'S A message for all **UFO** spotters. **Neil Carter, Paul Chapman** and **Andy Parker** have just finished work on a demo tape (with Carter handling the vocals), and their management representatives (**Phil Banfield/Carl Leighton-Pope**) are now scouring the record labels for a major deal. As yet this new band doesn't have a name, nor are we sure if it will stay as a three-piece. In the meantime, whilst work on the domestic front continues apace, Carter is out in the USA sunning himself as keyboards player with **Gary Moore's** band.

■ AND STILL those former **Runaways** keep pouring out of the closet. Latest to try her hand is bassist **Vickie Blue.** She's now moved herself (lock, stock and fretboard) over to London and has taken up residency in a Chelsea flat. Apparently, she intends to try and combine music with visuals in a similar fashion to **Toni Basil,** but presumably with a heavier feel. And it can't do her chances any harm that the Greybray management organisation (who handle **Twisted Sister, Girlschool** and **Motorhead**) are playing their part in the prospective development of her new career.

■**RAINBOW** HAVE announced dates for their first British tour in some two years. This kicks off at the Royal Court in Liverpool on September 6 before continuing as follows: Whitley Bay, Ice Rink 8, Stafford, Bingley Hall 11, Nottingham, Royal Centre 12, Cardiff, St. David's Hall 14/15, St. Austell, Cornish Coliseum 19, Edinburgh, Playhouse 20.

Tickets are priced at £5 for all gigs, except at Edinburgh where they are £5 and £4.50. It's expected that London dates will be announced very shortly. Ticket agents for the Bingley and Whitley Bay dates are as follows:

BINGLEY: Mike Lloyd Music Shops, Manchester Apollo Theatre, Manchester Piccadilly Records, Birmingham, Cyclops Sounds, Wolverhampton Goulds.

WHITLEY BAY: Whitley Bay Ice Rink, Durham Ice Rink, Durham Virgin Records, Newcastle City Hall, Newcastle Virgin Records, Newcastle HMV Records, Sunderland HMV Records.

The band have now finished their latest album (as yet untitled), which was recorded at Copenhagen's Sweet Silence studio. As yet no release date has been announced for this opus. However, it will be preceded by a single entitled 'Street Of Dreams' with an instrumental, 'Doom', on the flip.

In the meantime, **Blackmore** himself made a surprise appearance recently at the Golden Lion in Fulham, jamming with **Jackie Lynton.**

■THE BILL for this year's **Reading Festival** (the last to be held at the Thameside Arena site in Richfield Avenue) is now beginning to take shape.

Although the full line-up for the three-day binge of booze, mud and decibels (to be held on August 26/27/28) has yet to be finalised a number of major acts have been confirmed:

Black Sabbath (with, of course, **Ian Gillan**), **Thin Lizzy, Marillion** (who are flying back from the USA especially to appear), **Big Country, Climax Blues Band, Stranglers, Magnum, The Truth, The Alarm, One The Juggler, Survivor, Suzi Quatro, Hanoi Rocks, Wendy & The Rocketts, Mamas Boys, Pallas, The Enid.**

It's expected that a number of other overseas attractions will be added before long, with **Utopia, Nils Lofgren, The Ramones, Southside Johnny & The Asbury Dukes** and **Little Steven & The Disciples Of Soul** being among the most likely contenders.

Advanced week-end three-day season tickets (incl. camping and parking facilities) are available for £15.95, inclusive of vat. These can be obtained by written application ONLY (accompanied by a cheque or postal order crossed and made payable to **NJF/Reading Festival**) plus a stamped addressed envelope. Send it to: **NJF/Reading, PO Box 4SQ, London W1A 4SQ.**

In addition, there may be limited day tickets (not inclusive of camping or car parking facilities) on sale. Prices are as follows: Friday – £7, Saturday – £8.50, Sunday – £8.

■ **WAYSTED,** THE band formed by **Pete Way,** recently recorded their first LP at Battle Studios near Hastings. It's produced by **Mick Glossop.**

■ **Y&T's** LATEST album, due out imminently, is entitled 'Mean Streets'. Watch this space for more info as and when we get it.

■ WELL-KNOWN Chesterfield pompers **Saracen** are about to hit the big time in South America. Although their one-and-only LP to date, 'Heroes, Saints, & Fools', hasn't actually been released in Venezuela, nonetheless it seems to have captured the imagination of the rock-starved masses over there. As a result, the boys are to headline two stadia-sized gigs on July 8/9 at the Perliego Stadium in Caracus, as well as making an appearance on Venezuelan TV. Hope they've brushed up on their Spanish!

■ CUMBRIAN HEAVIES **Bitches Sin,** who have now parted company with Heavy Metal Records, are to issue a six-track musicassette under the title 'Out Of My Mind'. It's to be distributed by Pinnacle and will retail for £1.99. It's expected to be the first in a series of the band's own 'Sin' releases.

■ **YES,** ONE of the premier progressive bands from the seventies, are to reform. It seems that drummer **Alan White,** bassist **Chris Squire** and guitarist **Trevor Rabin,** who've been assiduously working under the monicker of **Cinema** for some little while, have now been joined by vocalist **Jon Anderson.** This move coincides with a name-change back to **Yes.** The band are currently recording a new album, being produced by **Trevor Horn,** with keyboard parts handled by **Tony Kaye,** although he won't be joining on a permanent basis.

■ **SILVERWING** HAVE just issued their first album. Entitled 'Alive & Kicking', it features one side of live material (including the semi-legendary 'Rock & Roll Are Four Letter Words' and a cover of **Japan's** 'Adolescent Sex') and one side of studio tracks.

Issued through Bullet Records, said LP features guitarist **Stuart McFarlane** who has now rejoined le 'Wing, replacing **Trevor Kirkpatrick.**

■ AMERICAN BAND **Axe,** who you may remember were forced to pull out of the recent **Iron Maiden** tour due to recording commitments, are expected to issue a new LP in the next few weeks. Entitled 'Nemesis', it will feature 11 or 12 numbers, including a cover of **Edgar Winter's** 'Keep Playin' Rock 'N' Roll', plus originals 'Masquerade', 'Let The Music Come Back', 'Heat In The Street' (which is to come out as a 12" single in the USA), and 'You May Not Remember My Name'.

■ LATEST BAND to announce a personnel split are Mancunian glamsters **Sacred Alien.** Drummer **Darren Wilcock** and bassist **Paul Davies** have split from the band because, according to a spokesman, "we were too OTT for them. They were just into Heavy Metal, whereas the rest of the band are into a lot more than that."

So, les Aliens are now after replacements pronto. Applicants should be both skilful and into the glam image (girls won't be ruled out), as well as available to go straight into the line-up to record the next Sacred Alien single on July 8 *and* undertake a major tour during the remainder of this month! The band can be contacted either at: 061 224 2195 (after 6.30pm), or 061 737 5982.

■ **JESS COX** has been recording some new tracks for an album with a band consisting of **Trevor Sewell** (guitar), **Pete Rea** (drums) and **Dave Donaldson** (bass). Apparently, the material is in the melodic hard rock vein. We shall see!

■ **SWEDISH METALLURGISTS Heavy Load** have now completed a distribution deal in Britain with Pinnacle, who will be issuing both of the band's previous LPs. In the meantime, their next opus is expected to reach the streets by October. It's being produced by the lads themselves and will continue the style forged on 'Death Or Glory'. A single, 'Free', will come out during late August/early September.

■ **SPIDER,** WHO recently parted company with RCA, are now recording a new album at Ridge Farm Studios with **Tony Wilson** producing. Apparently, the LP will see a departure from their traditional '12-bar boogie' stance, although it will still be very much hard rock. An announcement is expected shortly on exactly which label is picking up the record.

■ MUSIC FOR NATIONS have just released the first LP from American quintet **Ratt.** This British version differs from the US import (reviewed some time ago in *Kerrang!*) as it features an extra track in 'You're In Trouble' and has also been pressed in red vinyl.

■ AND ONCE again **Wrathchild** extend the boundaries of good taste. Their latest single, 'Do Ya Want My Luv' (the B-side of which, 'Twist Of The Knife', is presumably dedicated to Howard Johnson and Dave Dickson), has been released in a limited edition (5000 copies) full-colour, stackheel-shaped picture disc!

To promote said single, the band are about to undertake 10 or 11 dates which may or may not be as crazy as some of those on their recently completed 'Stackheel Strutt' tour. Would you believe that the fire brigade were called out in Peterborough (six tenders turned up), in Stafford the roof caved in and in Stoke the PA system blew up. One wonders if they'll actually manage to record their soon-due debut LP without any major hitch.

■ A PICTURE of innocent bliss at London's Townhouse Studios. Yes the truth is out at last. **Heavy Pettin's** debut album is being co-produced by **Queen's Brian May** and **Mack** (far left), who of course has worked with such artists as **Billy Squier** and **Doc Holliday** in the recent past.

It seems May was so impressed with a Pettin' demo that crossed his path that he persuaded Mack to come in on the project, this being the first time they've collaborated on anything outside of Queen.

The band spent three and a half weeks at Townhouse recording the backing tracks and overdubs, and have now repaired to Union Studios in Munich where they will be doing the vocals and final mix over a period of some 20 days. It's expected that the LP will be out sometime in September with a single preceding it in late July/early August.

And to tie in with all this vinyl activity, the boys are to undertake a major support tour as well as appearing on certain festival bills.

Incidentally, you may have noticed that only four of the band actually appear in our pic. Drummer **Gary Moat** had a prior engagement with a hospital bed, having a couple of ingrowing toenails removed. Oh, the life of these superstars!

■ THE GIRLS attempting to recreate **Bruce Dickinson's** recent 'Never Mind The Bolognese' centrespread pose (without the spaghetti) are none other than **Rock Goddess,** featuring new bassist **Dee O'Malley** (she's the one on the left).

Currently, the girls are supporting **Iron Maiden** on their European tour where Ms O'Malley is, according to eyewitness accounts, fitting into the band rather well. Mind you, she was given a baptism of fire, playing her first gig in front of 5,000 crazed 'Irons' fans in Gothenburg!

After this tour finishes, the trio will be starting work on their new album. And by that time they might well be back up to a quartet, as the search is still continuing for the short-lived **Kat Burbella's** replacement.

■ **GRAHAM BONNET** (who you may remember bared his soul exclusively to *Kerrang!* in issue 37) has now announced plans to tour and record with a new band.

Aside from the man himself on vocals, the line-up is completed by **Clive Burr** on drums (he's just finished recording with **Trust** and was apparently approached on the recommendation of **Cozy Powell**), 20-year-old Stockholm-born guitarist **Yingwie Malmsteen** (formerly a member of LA band **Steeler** and said to have a style that's a 'cross between **Uli Roth/Randy Rhoads/Ritchie Blackmore**'. He's been a fan of Bonnet since he was 15), and two members of **Boston** on keyboards and bass.

Apparently, both **Barriemore Barlow** and **Zal Cleminson** were approached before this current line-up was stabilised. However, neither were available.

The band are now busily engaged in pre-production for their first LP (material is being written by Bonnet and Malmsteen and is said to be both heavy and melodic, not to mention an extension of **Rainbow/MSG**). Said album will be cut at Rocshire Studios in Anaheim and will be released on the Rocshire label, distributed by MCA. This is the same Orange County-based company (formed by former executives of Warner Bros and Elektra) that issued **Tony Carey**'s first brace of solo LPs.

Subsequent to this recording obligation (the LP should be out in September/October), Bonnet plans to tour Japan during October, with either Europe or America being pencilled in for November/December.

TOUR DATES

BLIND FURY, the new band formed by former Angel Witch guitarist Kevin Heybourne, play at Kensington, Ad Lib on July 1 and East Ham, Ruskin Arms on 8/15.

SPIDER will be playing a headlining gig at London, Marquee Club on July 4. Support band is Cloven Hoof.

ROCK GODDESS will now play London's Marquee Club on July 10 rather than, as previously-announced, on July 5/6. Tickets sold for the latter two gigs will be valid for the 10th.

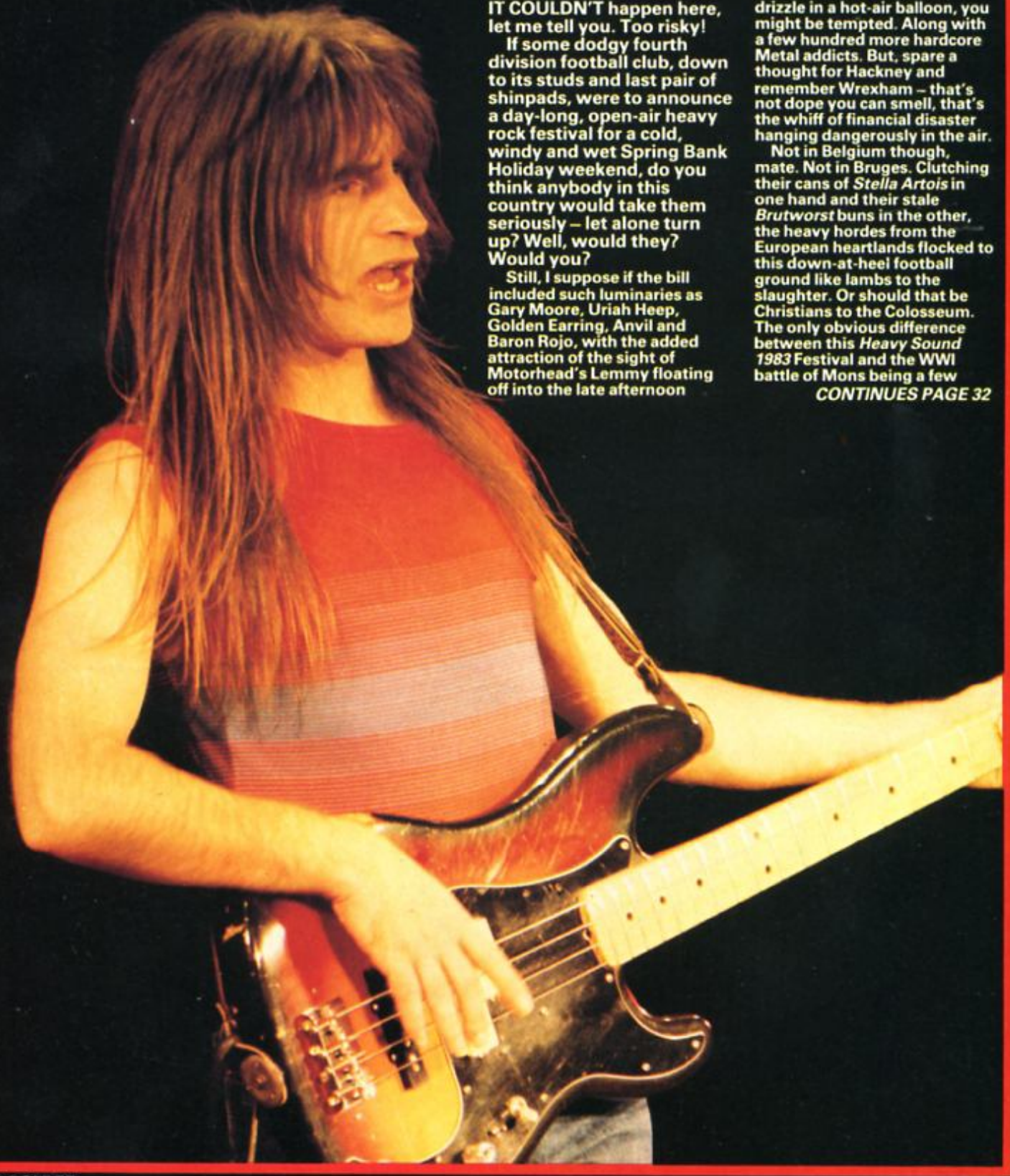
GEDDES AXE, who've just released a new single, 'Escape From New York' on the Bullet label, hit the road during June/July: Runcorn, Cherry Tree June 29, Middlesborough, Town Hall July 7, Manchester, Tiffany's 13, Stafford, Riverside Centre 15, Billingham, The Swan 19, Leeds, Fforde Green 23, Wakefield, Unity Hall 29.

DUMPY'S RUSTY NUTS play Kingston, Dolphin Club July 5 and Harrietsham, Halfway House 9.

WITCHFINDER GENERAL, who've just completed a new LP ('Friends Of Hell') and single ('Music') due out in late July, play the following dates: Wigan, Tiffany's July 1, Leicester, Pallay 6, Manchester, Tiffany's 7. These will be the first gigs to feature the new line-up of Rod Hawkes (bass), 'Derm The Germ' (drums), Zeeb Parkes (vocals) and Phile Cope (guitar).

BOXER BEAT!

CHAS DE WHALLEY sinks in the mud as URIAH HEEP go 'radio rental' in Belgium



IT COULDN'T happen here, let me tell you. Too risky!

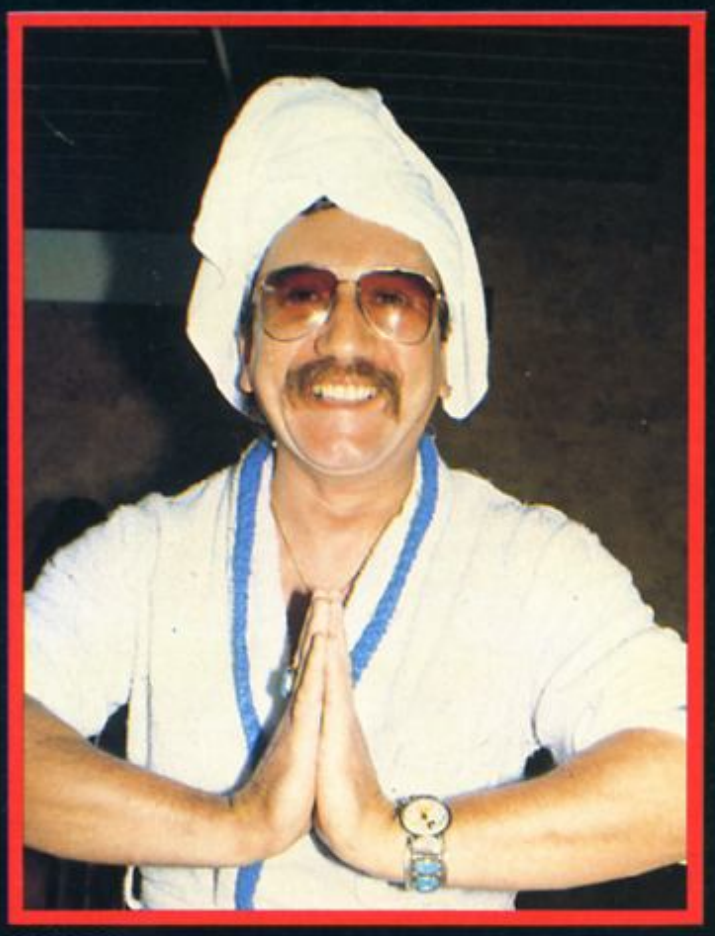
If some dodgy fourth division football club, down to its studs and last pair of shinpads, were to announce a day-long, open-air heavy rock festival for a cold, windy and wet Spring Bank Holiday weekend, do you think anybody in this country would take them seriously – let alone turn up? Well, would they? Would you?

Still, I suppose if the bill included such luminaries as Gary Moore, Uriah Heep, Golden Earring, Anvil and Baron Rojo, with the added attraction of the sight of Motorhead's Lemmy floating off into the late afternoon drizzle in a hot-air balloon, you might be tempted. Along with a few hundred more hardcore Metal addicts. But, spare a thought for Hackney and remember Wrexham – that's not dope you can smell, that's the whiff of financial disaster hanging dangerously in the air.

Not in Belgium though, mate. Not in Bruges. Clutching their cans of *Stella Artois* in one hand and their stale *Brutworst* buns in the other, the heavy hordes from the European heartlands flocked to this down-at-heel football ground like lambs to the slaughter. Or should that be Christians to the Colosseum. The only obvious difference between this *Heavy Sound 1983* Festival and the WWI battle of Mons being a few

CONTINUES PAGE 32

TREVOR BOLDER



MICK BOX

LEE KERSLAKE

PETE GOALBY

All pics George Bodnar

FROM PAGE 30

million more casualties and the colour of the uniforms. Faded denim and black leather beating khaki and grey any day.

Packed shoulder to shoulder and sinking slowly into the mud, from eleven in the morning to the other side of midnight, with a cold wind blowing in off the canals, this might just have seemed like heaven to some but it looked like hell on earth to me. Perhaps I'm getting old (*perhaps-Ed*). After all, I remember the Isle Of Wight. It was never like this. Nor was Woodstock.

"Brugestock! Get it right. *Brooogestock!*" As usual Mick Box bursts into laughter at the punchline of his own joke. What a card! What a Boy Scout he is! Smiling and whistling under all adversity. A non-stop flow of cockney rhyming slang and the wacky, off-beat, obscene humour of a man who's spent almost all his adult life on the road with a rock band bubbles from his lips. The way he goes on you'd think he was the happiest man on earth as well as the funniest.

The rest of Uriah Heep are no better. Here they are, trapped inside a draughty old caravan with its door hanging off the hinges and hardly enough power to keep the lights bright, let alone fuel a heater to get changed over, and they're cracking jokes left, right and centre. Mick Box pauses to take a breath and that other gig-drunk veteran, star of stage, screen and bar-room tumbles, Lee Kerslake, dives in with another rib-tickler to keep me, lensman 'aerobic' George Bodnar and the rest of the Heep entourage rolling on the floor in agony. Young Belgian fans, poking their heads through the doorway and thrusting forward grubby pieces of paper and old cigarette packets *pour les autographes*, look on in bug-eyed amazement.

Tonight, however, Uriah Heep don't need to play the fool to survive. Compared with most bands they're excellent anyway, but in the wake of some of the horrors who appeared that Belgian afternoon they were little short of brilliant.

This Bruges gig came at the end of a short European jaunt which had seen the new-look line-up of Box (guitar), Pete Goalby (vocals), John Sinclair (keyboards), Trevor Bolder (bass) and Kerslake (drums) wow, flutter and riot 'em in Greece, Yugoslavia, Luxembourg and Italy. The set was honed to a clean, sharp 50 minutes of Heep classics like 'Wizard', 'Easy Livin', and 'July Morning' mixed with songs such as 'Too Scared To Run' and 'The Way That It Is' from last year's 'Abominog' album as well as brand new material like 'Roll Overture', 'The Other Side Of Midnight' and, the latest single, 'Lonely Nights'.

The 1983 version of Uriah Heep has been hailed as the best since the original David Byron-fronted combination which recorded 'Look At Yourself' and 'Demons And Wizards' and, live, it isn't hard to see why. The guys gave it all they'd got, but they didn't enjoy it much. "Couldn't hear a note I was playing"

Pic George Bodnar

PETE GOALBY sampling a fine Belgian brew

complained Trevor Bolder, back in the saddle on bass following Bob Daisley's recent re-enlistment with Ozzy Osbourne.

"The foldback was all low hum" said Sinclair, taking his finger out of his ear at last. "And whistle" added Goalby. "I thought it was going to have my head off!"

"A real animal farm!" said Lee Kerslake. And had the last word on the matter. Which is unprintable.

But Bruges loved every minute of it. From Pete Goalby's rapidly maturing stagecraft, as he strutted across the boards mikestand held aloft and out to the crowd during 'The Wizard', to Mick Box's six-string skullduggery on the beginning of 'Gypsy', they lapped it all up. Every note, every beat, every harmony. Even though the 'eavy but 'umblers played third from the top, underneath Gary Moore and, somewhat surprisingly, those Spanish upstarts Baron Rojo, they scooped all the honours going. And deserved to as well. This is one band on their way back to the top.

Next month Uriah Heep are off the America where they'll play a few dates with ZZ Top before joining the second leg of Def Leppard's gruelling 'Pyromania' tour. Then it'll be Japan and India, Hong Kong, Malaysia and Singapore and back to the States for the rest of the year. There are no, repeat *no*, British dates on the schedule. It's one thing to aim at making Uriah Heep an *internationally* acclaimed band once again, but isn't this taking it a bit far?

"Nobody wants us at home," says Mick Box, uncharacteristically serious, as we sit, later that evening, in a darkened corner of a Belgian Fawlty Towers hotel bar. Opposite him Pete Goalby stares worriedly into a glass of local brew which is supposed to be beer but tastes of carrots!

"We'll play if anybody asks us. A good festival would be wonderful. We did Donington last year which was really good. And we played four others up North, in places like Glasgow, Edinburgh and Newcastle which were great too. But once we come down South we can't pull enough people to cover the costs. And that's the truth."

"So no promoter wants to take the risk," continues Box, who has his finger well and truly on the business as well as the musical pulse of the Uriah Heep operation." All they can remember is the terrible business we did three years ago with the 'Fallen Angel' and 'Conquest' tours. That was the worst period of the band's life. We did so much damage to ourselves with those albums. We lost a lot of fans who are only now beginning to filter back."

So what of the accusations levelled by yours truly a couple of *Kerrang!*'s ago that the latest reincarnation of Uriah Heep was concentrating one hundred per cent on the American market and that their latest album, 'Head First', was aimed fairly and squarely at US radio – blatantly Adult Orientated to the bone? Pete Goalby is genuinely upset. Hurt even.

"I thought, how can he say that? When it's so much *heavier* than 'Abominog'? So, maybe the songs are a little more commercial – but it's songs which people remember, not productions. And, anyway, on 'Head First' we sound like a *band*. On 'Abominog' we never did. We'd never even done a gig before we recorded that. It was just a bunch of songs.

"Now we sound like we all know what we're doing. And Lee's never had a drum sound like this one in his whole career, with Heep or Ozzy. He's never had such an upfront sound. This whole album hinges on bass and drums. I can't see how you can say it sounds tame and American."

It turns out that what I'd reviewed was one of a batch of duff cassettes which an over-zealous Bronze records had sent out to the press without the band's approval and to their obvious horror as not just one but every copy was sadly lacking in the high treble frequencies which give a recording bite, cut and clarity. A fair point, perhaps, but it surely doesn't alter the fact that most of the songs on

'Head First' sound very American – or were actually written by American songwriters like Bryan Adams. Mick Box rises to the defence of the Heep hallmark . . .

"We do everything to please ourselves and nobody else. We have to get off on what we do on any album because we have to live with it for the next year. If we can spread that appeal wider then great. But I get confused when I'm told we're sounding American. I can see it and I can't. There are numbers on 'Head First' like 'Red Lights' which sound so English to me. That's back to a Deep Purple type thing but with Heep harmonies. And then you get things like 'Stay On Top' which sounds like something Billy Squier might do. That's going to be our next single. Our producer Ashley Howe found it for us the way he found 'Lonely Nights' and, no word of a lie, Bily Squier's people offered him a lot of money not to record it with us, because they wanted it.

"If there are any really American influences then they probably come from Ashley. As our producer and engineer that's the way he hears things and, as long as they sound okay to us too, we're not going to complain. But we never consciously think: 'Oh, that sounds too English' or 'That isn't American enough'. We'd disappear up our own arses if we did that. It's only when the record is finished and people present you with questions that you begin to think about who or what a track sounds like. When you're in the studio it's either good or bad. And that's it".

Ultimately all these discussions brick wall themselves against one simple fact: while Uriah Heep have always made with the mayhem with the best of them, there's invariably been a streak of sophistication running down their spine too. Finely tuned vocal harmonies are as much a feature of vintage Heep material like 'Easy Livin', as Mick Box's wailing guitar or Lee Kerslake's thundering bass drum. And 'Wizard', too, boasts long passages of smoothly orchestrated melody and theme alongside the roar and thrash which slips the headbangers from their leashes. So, if the latest Uriah Heep line-up sounds like it can do the job even better than any previous one, it seems a little silly to complain.

I decide to change the subject and ask instead why Bob Daisley, whose pounding bass guitar plays such a prominent part on the new album, should up and leave as soon as it's finished. And for the trouble-torn Ozzy Osbourne band too.

"Ozzy offered him a lot of money, that's all," says Goalby in a perfectly natural tone of voice that gives nothing away. And suggests that there's nothing to give away anyway. "Bob's only human. So he took it. Cash in hand. He told us he was going to do it and luckily Trevor was available to take his place. Which was great because I think Trevor Bolder is more Uriah Heep than Wishbone Ash to a lot of kids. It would have been a real kick in the balls if he hadn't joined. I don't know what we'd have done then."

Uriah Heep may once have been superstars – Mick Box still owns a large luxury flat on the outskirts of London as well as a family home in Texas – but since their *renaissance* in 1981 the band has spent a good nine months of every year on the road, hopping from hotel to hotel, airport to airport, five hundred seaters to football stadiums. It would drive me out of my mind and has been known to breed a terrible lethargy and cold cynicism in many a hard-gigging rock outfit. Acute depression and naked personal hatred often go hand in hand when five or six guys live in each others pockets for weeks at a time. There's nowhere to run and nowhere to hide. And you can't take a day off and pretend to be sick.

Yet Uriah Heep seem to thrive on the experience. They give off an amazing and refreshing *joie de vivre* which isn't simply turned on professionally in the company of the press corps. It's very real. And it shows itself most obviously in a wicked sense of humour which has earned Heep an international reputation as *the* practical jokers of rock.

"You got to be, haven't you? A bit radio rental, you know," quips the implike Box in a cockney accent which makes you wonder if he watched George Cole's 'Flash Harry' routines in St Trinians movies too many times as a kid. "Because if you're in a band there's always going to be tough times. There's always going to be those times when it's a real struggle. But if the chemistry is right, if everybody's out to have as much fun as possible and pulls together, then you can get through absolutely anything. Even Belgium."

Even Belgium.

ROCK U.S.A.

OKAY, DUST off your joss-sticks and get your kaftans out of the mothballs, it's festival time again! The **US Festival,** the big bash sponsored by a computer company to bring the world together in the spirit of Plastic (as opposed to Wood)stock recently went ahead with the same message of peace and love as last year. Only not so much of the peace this time! One man was killed and 1,500 injured during the three-day binge.

The chap who was killed, it seems, was a drugs dealer, beaten to death with a tyre lever. Fights broke out all over the place as well, amongst the 300,000 fans who turned up.

On the music front, the day put aside solely for Heavy Metal featured **Van Halen, Scorpions, Triumph, Judas Priest, Ozzy, Mötley Crüe** and **Quiet Riot.** And certainly Van Halen came out of it all rather richer. The band was originally offered almost a million dollars to play just the one set, and they eventually got a raise on that! Apparently, there was a clause in their contract specifying that they would be the highest-paid act at the do; and with **David Bowie** given 1½ million dollars to appear, the Halens eventually ended up with a comparable fee.

The US Festival people even sold a few tickets to the American Society For The Prevention Of Cruelty To Animals who kept, according to a spokesman, "a very close eye" on Ozzy Osbourne. Despite the fact that Ozzy threw a cocktail party (cock*tail*, not *head*; see he is getting better!) in Hollywood the other night to present a cheque for 2,000 dollars to the ASPCA to call a truce!

"I ain't a bad guy," protested Ozzy, looking trimmer and hairier than in recent months – quite the pin-up actually, he'll give Adam Ant a run for his money! – "I don't want to be looked on as a freak." Still, the humane society has refused to take him off their hit list just yet.

TALKING OF hit lists, Ozzy's bass gonzo **Don Costa** has now left the band's ranks. He departed just before the US Festival, his place being taken by **Bob Daisley.** Costa himself reckons he was too OTT for Ozzy and was getting ever-likelier to upstage the mainman.

He's now planning a new band, **Amputee**, which is going to follow in the same style as his pre-Ozzy outfit **Damien.** He's currently on the look-out for a couple of scarred 'n' ugly musos to back him up, and when he does finally hit the stage with his new combo (expect some shows in LA by mid-summer) he will once again be united with his notorious cheese-grater bass!

The Amputee set itself looks set to feature some old Damien material ('Infected Growth', 'Sweaty Hole', '12 & Under', etc.) plus new songs in a similar, probably grosser, vein. And what with **W.A.S.P** doing such sterling business, the time seems right for Costa to go out on a limb!

RAN INTO Perfect Human Glambeing **Nikki Sixx** of Mötley Crüe at the W.A.S.P/**Ratt** extravaganza at Perkins Palace, exercising his drinking wrist prior to the Crüe's US Festival appearance. "I hope," hoped Nikki, "that gin and tonics work at 12.30". That being the early hour of the afternoon that the nervous wrecks took to the stage.

The band's been busy working on a new album and trying to sort out the financial troubles that have plagued them since parting with their old manager. Not the Rich and Famous snobs that some writers have been implying they've become since getting a major record contract, the band is skint.

"We even had to go out and nick four turkey pies to have a Christmas dinner," moaned Nikki. Must have been hungry – the bassist headed straight for the raw meat onstage when he got up to join W.A.S.P for their last number.

REMEMBER THOSE nasty things **Sammy Hagar** said about **REO Speedwagon?** So did REO. When Hagar played the Forum, waiting backstage was a package from the band he called MOR wimps. Inside: a very dead 10lb fish wrapped in newspaper and a note reading: *"Sammy, break both legs"*. Sounds like cod's wallop to us . . .

OKAY, I eat my words (taste better than Big Macs anyday!) **Great White** aren't just standard hard rock. They're tight, powerful and don't mess about. The singer's got a pair of lungs on him that could fell a charging elephant and their songs go down like *Smirnoff* and orange. Already a bunch of major labels have been checking them out – they've recently done two showcases; one at the plush Palace and one at SIR rehearsal hall.

Ran into their pal **Dokken** at the SIR event. He's tossing a coin to see which of three big offers he's going to accept from the record companies, and reckons a remix of the album will be out by July. Also expect a visit in September when he heads for the UK with **Scorpions.**

SPOTTED wandering around Hollywood looking anxious: **Phil Mogg.** *Kerrang!* hears he's been searching high and low without much success for guitar players for a new band.

And who was shooting the breeze down at the Rainbow bar the other night with **Rob** (Whip It) **Halford**? None other than **Glenn Hughes.**

LAURA CANYON

KOMMUNICATION

Say it loud to Kommunication, Kerrang!, 40 Long Acre, London WC2

I KNOW for a fact that a certain someone played Steve Harris a copy of Vixen's (now called Hawaii) demo last summer.

Which brings us to the present. I listened to the Iron Maiden LP, 'Piece Of Mind', and wasn't too impressed with it but one track really caught my ear, and others too. The track is 'To Tame A Land' which features an almost identical middle-break to that used in a Vixen song, 'Escape The Night', reportedly heard by Steve Harris, (admit your guilt!)

It blows my mind when someone like Steve Harris has to resort to plagiarism. You at *Kerrang!* didn't care for that tune, but wait till you hear the original version and how it was supposed to be played. A lawsuit may also be coming. Let's bring this matter to the attention of HM fans.

Steve, you lost some loyal Iron Maiden fans with this LP. **Kerrang! Reader, Honolulu, Hawaii.**

JUST WHO the hell does Sean Harris think he is. In issue no. 43 he was bitching on about Lizzy and Marillion, and how they're not inspiring, changing or progressing. Well, listen Mr Harris, music is here to provide enjoyment, and I'm sure fans of both these excellent groups enjoy the music they provide. Nobody's asking you to like them, but if you don't (and you obviously don't) don't make stupid criticisms about them.

I suggest you stick to what you're good at (makin' music) and give sensible interviews. Don't forget Diamond Head have only had one album out, and until we hear the second one nobody can say whether *you've* progressed or not. **Nick Tolati, Whitefield.**

To whom it may concern
Took your picture off my wall
I built you up, never knowing you'd fall
You hunted out sympathy and I gave every drop
Now the lying's got to stop.
You were the nice guy so everyone said
Another illusion shattered and dead
"If You Believe Me" you sang, and we did –
Did you laugh at the thought of us stupid kids?
As they stood by the stage they grieved for your pain
Wondered if they'd ever hear you again
Some of your faithful even cried
How will they feel to know you lied?
Why not just say that you felt like a change?
You know your life's your own to arrange
But the ace up your sleeve was thrown away
Just so you could be king for a day.
At the wave of a cheque book recovery came
I'll still love your voice, but it won't be the same
And though I try I can't forgive you at all.
Took your picture off my wall.
Good luck Colin, Mick, Janick and John. One of the many gullible fools.

GREETINGS!

You may have noticed that recent pics and info concerning Ritchie B. have been scarce lately. Well, this photo explains why – I have captured the elusive Mr B. and am holding him prisoner in my cellar, so I can fulfill my wicked desires! Fear not, he's quite comfortable, and I let him out in the yard to sun himself every day for a few hours ... here you see him sneaking upstairs towards the kitch!

Oh, all right, so he's just a painting – but he's a great shock to unsuspecting visitors! I was thinking of starting a life-size portrait business – think it would work? Blackmore in your bedroom! Coverdale in your closet! Dio in your dining room! Or how about paintings (appropriately unclothed?) on bedsheets? Sleep with your favourite hereo – no hassles, no mental anguish, no embarrassing recurring rashes!?!

Will it work? Will I get rich? Never mind. Hey Ritchie, will you pose for me for real? Can I do your next LP cover? A portrait maybe? How about an autograph? (For me, I mean) Pleeeze? **Lori Galloway, 2142 Academy Avenue, Holmes, PA 19043, USA.**

I AM writing to say how disappointed I am with Motorhead. I've just been to one of their shows, in Oxford, on their latest tour, and what can I say; they left out most of their best numbers – 'Overkill', 'Bomber', 'Ace Of Spades', 'Motorhead', to name just a few. How the hell can they justify this? On top of this, the whole show lasted only one hour 25 minutes when most bands play at least one hour 45 minutes.

However, having said this, the rest of the show was excellent. They played a number of great tracks from their new album, with a couple of oldies thrown in. New axeman, Brian Robertson, produced some excellent guitar work, in fact the best I've seen this year, while Lemmy and Philthy kept a solid rhythm flowing (they're probably one of the best rhythm teams in today's Heavy Metal). Credit should also go to the special effects, sound and lighting crews for creating a fascinating stage show.

Finally, a quick word about the support band, Anvil. They are lively, competent musicians and extremely entertaining. **From a rather annoyed Motorheadbanger.**

I DIDN'T go to see Twisted Sister's last gig, nor did I see them on t.v. I didn't see Iron Maiden, Rush, Sabbath, UFO or any of the millions of bands that people write to your magazine, praising or hating.

I'm not one of those people who write to mags complaining about the lack of gigs being played near their home. Who the hell wants to play in Saudi Arabia? In fact who wants to live here – nobody! The only consolation is that we can buy tapes of every band in the world for less than £1 each. If nothing else, it's nice to escape into the realms of Triumph as you drive down the road with the blazing sun burning your skin, dust drying your throat and Saudis chasing you just because you've got long blond hair. I bet Sammy Hagar never saw an Arab drive a Trans-Am down a road on its roof.

The most exciting music I've seen live here was a bunch of Yemenis playing Gibsons without amps. Reminded me a bit of Rush one night at the Birmingham Odeon. Lots of effort – very little coming out, though.

Hopefully, if someone's decent, kind, sympathetic and co-operative they'll print this letter because if they do I can ask people to write to me and send any copies of *Kerrang!* they'd like to donate to one of the few HM fans in Saudi. In return I'll write thrilling letters describing the life and times of Beau Geste country and buy everybody a pint when I step off the plane at Heathrow in July or August or whenever I can get out of here. If you don't print this I'll write to *Melody Maker*. **Jim Ryan, PO Box 711, Dhahran Airport, Saudi Arabia.**

PLEASE THANK Dave Dickson (*cheers, Dave – Ed*) for being the first journalist in a position of influence to notice the true potential of 'High Risk'. I have seen them live several times and, to say the least, the show is stunning.

To the best of my knowledge they have released only one record, this being a three-track 7" single (featuring the tracks: 'Must Be Crazy', 'I Go To Pieces', 'Rich Kid'). It was released on Airship Records in 1981. They have also supported Girlschool at the Portsmouth Guildhall.

I hope, thanks to your review, that High Risk receive the acclaim and success they deserve. I ask for just one thing, this being a larger article on High Risk in the not too distant future (grovel, grovel). **Neil Huntingdon, Bognor Regis.**

I'VE ALWAYS liked *Kerrang!* and I've always liked OTT pics but what I saw in issue 43 made me (almost literally) puke!

After I'd bought it, I sat down with a hamburger and began to read whilst eating the burger. It started on page 15, with a pic of Don Costa puking out HIS hamburger. Then, after I'd turned the page, I saw Herr Lips in all his naked glory (if you want to print someone naked, why not Lee Aaron or Betsy?)

I was turning green now, but the worst was yet to come – the centrespread! Why do you print such pics? Being a real Maiden head I bought *Sounds* Fan Library No 11, which also featured some OTT pics but none of them made me throw up!

Last but not least we got Steven Tyler's chewing gum encore.

Do not print any more of THAT kind of pic in your otherwise superb magazine. **Stephen 'Wrathchild' Gebedy, Rotterdam, Holland.**

KERRANG! reader auditions for centre spread stardom.

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ATTIC

ANVIL: as much headbanging onstage as off, says our reviewer.

MOTORHEAD/ANVIL
Manchester Apollo

'TOTAL NOISE' is an interesting concept. Whatever lines you care to define it along, it's more than likely that the names of Anvil and Motorhead will be breathed with gonzoid gusto at the mere mention of the term. But think for a minute! Shouldn't 'Total Noise' be simply an appropriate label to hang on a certain approach to music rather than a literal definition of it?

It's a term for bands who hammer down hard *every* time, bands who don't compromise, who are loud and proud. Indeed, bands who need to have *total* control over their sound for, with each instrument being played wildly as hell, that sound must be beautifully distinguished so that we hear infra-aggressive music (this is music you know) and not just 'Total Noise'. Hopefully, you get my drift because it relates heavily to this particular show ...

Anvil opened up proceedings and convinced me beyond doubt that they are one of the small handful of out-and-out Metal acts who have got what it takes – in abundance. Shit, there was as much headbanging onstage as off, and Lips commanded the boards as if he were a man seething at the prospect of no 'Butter Bust Jerky' again that night.

There was little material aired from the new 'Forged In Fire' LP but, as they say, better the devil you know, and 'Metal On Metal' is one hell of an album to choose material from. 'Mothra', in particular, swept along on a flurry of Lips' solos and some truly superb drumming from Robb Reiner. I would nominate Robb the star of the show, his furious style owing much to 'Animal' from the Muppets, though the whole band looked great onstage, with bassist Ian Dickson and rhythm man Dave Allison ceaselessly cavorting – music in the blood all right!

A really entertaining set culminating in a mammoth version of 'Bondage' where Lips finally got out the naughty thing and played some great slide with it. No doubt he would rather be using it for different purposes, but it's all in a day's work for the quiet lad from Toronto; check them out, boys and girls.

So why so much space for the support act, after all it was Motorhead's show? Well, as far as the punters who witnessed the gig were concerned, the 'Head were totally eclipsed by Anvil. I am not a Motorhead fan but I've long admired their passion for what they do. I've witnessed them previously and they were a damn sight better than tonight – Motorhead were truly awful.

How can a band such as this appear on stage and omit all its classic tunes (we're talking 'Overkill', 'Bomber', 'Ace Of Spades' stuff)? To say that the punters felt cheated is the understatement of the decade (*not* my Accept quote, Diddy Dave) and they had my total sympathy.

The 'Total Noise' sound was unbelievably horrendous and Robbo is an utter bore onstage – he hardly moves at all and I'd wager he was pissed because he had real trouble hitting his pedals throughout the show.

Lemmy has my sympathy, however. He is a character and a decent geezer but what's going on around him is a disgrace. Never has a show left me so totally and utterly cold. In fact, I can't see Motorhead lasting in its present form because no excellent light show could conceal the almighty thinness of the music.

The band need a shake-up and the fans seem to be telling them so in no uncertain terms. The power of the punter will prevail. HOWARD JOHNSON

MAGNUM/SANTERS/BRONZ
Hammersmith Odeon, London

AND SO the seasonal rock cycle enters a distinctly Suterian phase. Well, think about it, would a bill of solidly sophisticated, classy rockers (with scarcely a cannibal riff in earshot) have been more than a pipe-dream a year ago? Now, though, melody is definitely in vogue ...

So, switch on the lights, start the cameras turning, roll the credits, and ... ACTION. Or in Bronz's case maybe that should read 'non-action'!! Admirable though this west country quartet are as musicians and songwriters (a cross between Leppard and Journey), live they froze. It was as if the mere thought of treading the same boards as so many past legends had numbed them into a state of paranoia.

Certainly, there was little visible sign of any rapport between band and audience, which was a pity because there seemed a positive flow of interest from a number of seated punters in the quality of songs like 'Send Down An Angel' and 'Harder Than Diamond'. But, let's give 'em the benefit of the moment. They're young/inexperienced and it takes time to develop personas like those of Santers.

Santers, ah Santers. Saviours of the evening and a giant talent on the rampage, they roared on with the energetic determination to prove themselves worthy icons and did so with devastating effect. Drawing the majority of material quite wisely from their second LP, 'Racing Time', Rick Santers and cohorts powered on relentlessly, turning the initial tide of polite indifference into a near-avalanche (well, as near as any support band is likely to get) of plaudits.

Criticisms? Yeah, there are a couple. The older numbers, such as 'Caught In The Wind' (during which Rick's guitar chose to inopportunely cut out) and 'Shot Down In Flames', sounded rather leaden and stodgy. Moreover, they tended to move around the stage rather *too* much in an effort to make it seem more crowded than it actually was. An occupational hazard I know for trios, but nonetheless one that occasionally led to a bewildering buzz of confusing activity.

Still, after Santers' thoroughbred romp, Magnum came on like a ramshackle cart-horse. Theirs was, quite honestly, the poorest light show I've ever seen at Hammy Odeon. It was akin to seeing a James Bond movie shot entirely on location in Accrington rather than Corfu or some other exotic place. I know times are tough but this was cutting the budget to the detriment of the band, which can't be a good thing. Magnum live should be a radiant spectacle, but this was the 'Shoestring Two Step'.

And they also made the bad error of playing too much material from 'The Eleventh Hour'. Sure the gig had an obvious 'promote the new album' overtone, but to do virtually all the latest LP had the effect of creating an air of impatience among the crowd. Whether or not the band could sense this, I can't be sure, but they certainly performed all the current numbers with an edgy unease and it was a relief to all concerned when they turned to classics like 'Sacred Hour', 'Reborn' and the inevitable 'Kingdom Of Madness'.

Even here, however, Magnum lacked drive and sparkle. It was almost as if they were acutely uncertain as bill-toppers and would have felt more at home amidst the intimacy of, say, the Marquee. And that's the nub of their problem. They're over-achievers, lacking the wherewithal (not least, the touch of arrogance all good Odeon-circuit bands need) to dominate a major stage. Whether they'll have improved by next time remains to be seen. That is, if there is to be a next time ... MALCOLM DOME

PALI GAP
The Big Apple, Great Yarmouth

BEING BILLED as 'pop/rock' and clashing with the Cup Final replay didn't help the attendance on this cold Thursday night. But the lucky few present warmed to a band (most definitely *rock!*) who put in a most impressive performance on their first venture into the area.

The first two or three numbers were pretty sticky, though, and I began to wonder if the single and tape they'd passed to me for *Armed & Ready* (issue 39) hadn't flattered them. But, to my relief and delight, they steadily overcame their teething troubles and won over their pub audience with a combination of power, ability and originality.

POWER they have in abundance – the old "they make a big noise for a three-piece" cliché is overworked, but it'll have to put up with one more outing because in Pali Gap's case it happens to be very true.

The ABILITY of the musicians is a treat too. Martyn Hawley's bass provided the lifeblood of the band, pumping ceaselessly and adding to the impact with some jazzy runs, while drummer Terry Grantham has been playing since the age of four (*must be getting tired – Ed*) and his solo tonight showed the value of that experience. I know such indulgences aren't everyone's cup of tea, but Terry's was special and won the admiration of all present. After it, the band couldn't put a foot wrong (despite a last minute pedal failure that threatened to prevent guitarist Ian Ellis taking his Marino-esque solo spot).

That solo apart, Ian showed himself clever enough to match his talent with an ability to produce the unexpected from his Strat. He was entertaining and unpredictable – which sums up the whole band pretty well.

Finally, ORIGINALITY ... I tried in vain to look for comparisons but found none that would stick. Pali Gap are Pali Gap and although this means heavy, gutsy, grinding songs the rest you'll only know by seeing them.

They're not anywhere near perfect yet – by their own admission they need to add a singer to the line-up because Ian's vocals can't match his six-string skills, and their *presentation* must improve too – but they do have something unusual and unique about them. Numbers like 'Serpent's Eye', 'Cities On Fire', 'Three Miles High' and the single 'Under The Sun' are strong enough to build upon, and even if they do "weaken and slip in" 'Purple Haze' as set closer it's all well and good by me! NEIL JEFFRIES

BUDGIE
Marquee, London

IT'S FUNNY how quickly things can change in rock 'n' roll – and, unfortunately, the joke seems to be on Budgie at the moment. This time last year they were confirmed as a Reading Festival headliner and were busy booking their first major tour since their comeback. But now, in '83, after a disappointing performance at Reading and a less than blockbusting tour, they're back at the Marquee once more.

Still, the band didn't seem to let it bother them and, while the turnout may have been worse than expected both evenings, the standard of music on the night that I saw them most definitely was not.

'Hold Onto Love' kicked things off and set a precedent for the evening – a really clear sound and some brutal playing immediately getting the crowd behind them. The material was almost exclusively drawn from the last three albums, which was a shame as the inclusion of 'Napoleon Bonaparte' or a similar oldie would have broken the set up a little.

That said, the new songs stood up extremely well onstage. 'Superstar' positively raced along and set closer 'Wildfire' featured a riff that could demolish a brick wall. Even numbers I can't stand on vinyl seemed quite palatable in the live situation – 'Bored With Russia' and 'Flowers In The Attic' being two that miraculously sprang into life.

As I left the Marquee digesting my own words and wondering how I'd dismissed Budgie so lightly, I started thinking about what they'll be up to this time next year. Be it playing the Marquee or the Hammersmith Odeon, I'd lay money that they'll still be plugging away and for that credit's due. DAVID LING

QUIET RIOT
Magic Mountain, Los Angeles

IT'S A tough time, adolescence. Not only have you got parents and pimples to deal with, you've got to find other novel ways besides booze of blotting out earthly existence. Like sitting in an iron go-cart that's heading miles up into the air and about to loop the loop and head upside down for the crowd of onlookers 100 feet below!

It's called The Revolution. You can hear the screams all the way from the freeway as you head up to Magic Mountain, the huge teenage amusement park an hour from LA. It's the biggest, craziest, heaviest thing there is at Magic Mountain. At least it was.

Walking quickly (and crossing myself) past the Revolution, the loudest screams of ecstacy turn out to be coming from a little theatre to the left of the popcorn stand and a stone's throw from the Caterpillar. A band has just finished playing a set. A big, crazy, very *heavy* band. Quiet Riot are leaving them quaking in their seats like roller coaster junkies and begging for more. But there's still a late set to go, and the line for this one's been waiting all evening, calling out their name.

You'd be forgiven for thinking Def Leppard had dropped in for a show or something as opposed to the former Tiny Starwood club HM house band whose only claim to fame was loaning Randy Rhoads and Rudy Sarzo to old batman! But Quiet Riot built up a hell of a loyal following in LA over the years – not surprising; they played often and well enough to earn it – and when they reformed not so long ago with Kevin DuBrow on vocals (late of his own band, DuBrow), Frankie Banali (one-time skinsman with Hughes-Thrall and the cosmic Billy Thorpe), bassist Sarzo and former Snow guitarist Carlos Cavazo, and got themselves a major record contract, they stuck themselves up there with the big guys. A band with quite a future ...

Yep, I've seen the future of Heavy Metal and it's ... SLADE???? That's what we've got here in Quiet Riot, would you believe. A younger, cuter (no offence to Noddy Holder!) Slade. An energetic, enthusiastic good-time bunch who prefer audience involvement to macho posturing (witness the number of young girls drooling and dancing and air-punching in the crowd). No hidden meanings, no backwards messages, no glam satanism, just fun and fierce vocals and fine thrashing trash Metal.

The PA's playing 'There's A Riot Going On'; the crowd's bopping along. It's interrupted by a news report about some HM riot. They've rounded up the ringleaders. Their names are – you guessed – Kevin, Frankie, Rudy and Carlos – and on comes the band. Red police lights flash, everyone's air-punching, Kevin grabs his Angel-imitation candy-striped mikestand and leaps dangerously into the air. Rudy, hair flying, is pounding at the bass. They've got the audience in their hands.

"Have we got some Metal maniacs here tonight?" howls DuBrow. Does Broadmoor have some nuts? The place is going bananas, through most of the songs from the 'Metal Health' album – the majority four-minute catchy gems like 'Slick Black Cadillac', with the occasional more ponderous, dark Heavy Metal thrown in – with the tribute to their masters, 'Cum On Feel The Noize', singalongaKevin time.

The showcases come towards the end – guitar and drum solos, pretty good, and an excellent bass solo from Rudy, going from church organ to wah-wah to space-invader bleeps – with DuBrow still upstaging everyone, running around with someone's bra on his head and cracking a whip and carrying blond Carlos on his shoulders. Outside you can hear the occasional wail from the roller-coaster freaks going upside-down at 60mph. Quiet Riot are just as nutty a way to spend your time, but far more fun! LAURA CANYON

QUIET RIOT: the new Slade?

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RACING CERTS

MALCOLM DOME gives SANTERS the green light.

IT'S THAT classic theatrical plot. The winnowing chorus girl stands in the wings waiting to step out into the spotlight. Her brittle frame seems almost to wilt under the enormous strain of the occasion. As the final few seconds etch themselves into the fabric of her bewildered mind, a gentle hand falls on her shoulders, and the gnarled voice of the old stage manager whispers four reassuring words into her ear – "knock 'em dead kid".

Then the orchestra strikes up the overture, the curtains part and ... *Kapow! Kazzam!!* Blitz-out!!!

'Awlright, London, will you please welcome from Toronto, Canada ... SANTERS!' The shadow of the chorus girl falls away to reveal the figures of Rick Santers (guitar/lead vocals), Mark Santers (drums/vocals) and Rick Lazaroff (bass/vocals). But the song remains the same. For Santers came over here to support Magnum recently as unknowns from the Canadian chorus-line. Oh yeah, they'd put out a couple of albums. But the first (the rather poor 'Shot Down In Flames') wasn't released in the UK, whilst the second (the much-improved 'Racing Time') seemed merely to give musical tastebuds a brief hint of paradise.

So their first British tour began with terms such as 'dark horses' being bandied about. Yet, by the time they thundered through an encore rendition of 'You Turn Me On' on the final night (Hammersmith Odeon), few can have been left in doubt that here was a potential Rock Derby winner. They bubbled and babbled their way through a thoroughly ebullient set, offering the gathered hordes such effusive baubles as 'Mistreatin' Heart', 'Road To Morocco' and 'Mystical Eyes'. They came, they saw, and by golly they ...

Well, if you want to read more about Santers live then flip over to the *Koncerts* page. But if you're stayin' put, then prepare for a 12-hour time-switch, moving on from Hammersmith to Victoria. The larger-than-life stage commandos have changed back into relaxed, tourist civvies and, against the backdrop of a slightly unfocussed colour TV turfing forth brief visions of *'Playschool'*, the band look back on what has been a rather rewarding first visit. So, let's leave Mark Santers to fire the opening arrow ...

"It was certainly an education for us coming over here. I think we learnt an awful lot about the English music scene and how it works."

"I guess English fans were roughly what we expected," adds big brother Rick. "Mind you, a lot of the things we were led to expect by the media in Toronto, like crazy headbanging, weren't much in evidence. To be honest, back home, the media give the impression that kids over here go mad, playing imaginary guitars and all that. But there again these same people are also into Rush, which is like really progressive.

"And that's great for us, because we're not into the strict Heavy Metal music produced by Motorhead or Anvil. These days headbanging music is not as popular as it once was. There's only so much you can do with three chords or whatever. Today, everyone wants SONGS, and that's what we're about.

"It was a bit surprising, though, how well we were received. Obviously, we had some inkling on roughly how much interest there was in us through sales of 'Racing Time', but there was so little advertising or promotion of the fact that we were on the tour, that our hopes weren't sky high. It seems we won over quite a few converts along the way."

Of course, it helped no end that the band chose the right tour to play on. I mean, think about it, what sort of reaction would they have got backing up Iron Maiden or even Saxon (let's leave Motorhead out of the argument, shall we?) But, the tie-up with Magnum was more to do with luck than judgement; at least that's the way Rick Santers looks at it ...

"To a certain degree we DID choose this tour. But really it was more a case of our schedule dictating that we needed to come over to England sometime in May or June. There were a few other touring partners mentioned but they all fell through. Then Magnum was put forward.

"Yes, we could have waited and come over later, but we have to do a new album in the summer, so that would have meant postponing any activity until *much* later, which would have been a bit ridiculous considering that 'Racing Time' is out and selling over here now.

"And we got on very well with Magnum. They treated us fairly, giving us full use of the PA system, though it was a bit strange doing a 45 minute show without any effects. In North America we do something like a 90 minute show complete with effects. Nothing as gaudy as Triumph, just the usual things simply to enhance the music. So, for the UK tour we had to trim our set down o the strongest, most high energy numbers.

"Naturally, we'd have liked to come over and headline straight away. But, well, that wasn't feasible, so we had to swallow our pride and support. Maybe next time, who knows, we'll have made enough of an impact to do some of our own dates with a full show behind us. We're hoping to come back sometime in the Fall (Autumn)."

By that time, there should be a new Santers LP (as yet untitled) in the racks, an album that will take them, hopefully, a step or two beyond 'Racing Time', as the guitarist explains:

"It will be reminiscent of 'Racing Time' to a certain degree. But we've been together now for about three years, doing something like 320 shows every 12 months, so obviously we're developing and moving on all the time, becoming more musically entwined. While the tone and feel of 'RT' will be repeated, the writing will be in a different style, more straight ahead, yet still retaining the pop slant.

"We will record it in Toronto again, and are currently looking for a producer. We've a short list drawn up and we'll take our time picking and choosing. You see, our last couple of albums have been rather rushed and I think it's come through on the final cut. We're doing things a little more methodically this time.

"We're taking a month off to rehearse before the album, something we've never done before, after which we'll spend quite some time getting the right sound in the studio. Everyone hopes the third LP will be the 'big one', but we'll have to wait and see. We're hoping that what goes down on vinyl this time will more fairly reflect the way we sound live."

At this point, having tied up most of the info Santers presently have to offer, I could just curtail events and sign off. However, before doing so, I just wanna harp back to that Hammy Odeon gig.

It couldn't have failed to catch the attention of anyone present that during one number 'Caught In The Wind', Rick Santers' guitar suddenly cut out, something the attendant mob of *Kerrang*sters (from yours truly to Baron Bonutto and the saintly Suter) were at a loss to understand. Yet, despite this near-disaster (made worse by the fact that a number of A&R men were gathered to check out the band, who are no longer contracted to Heavy Metal Worldwide), they remained so calm you could have been fooled into thinking it was all part of the show!

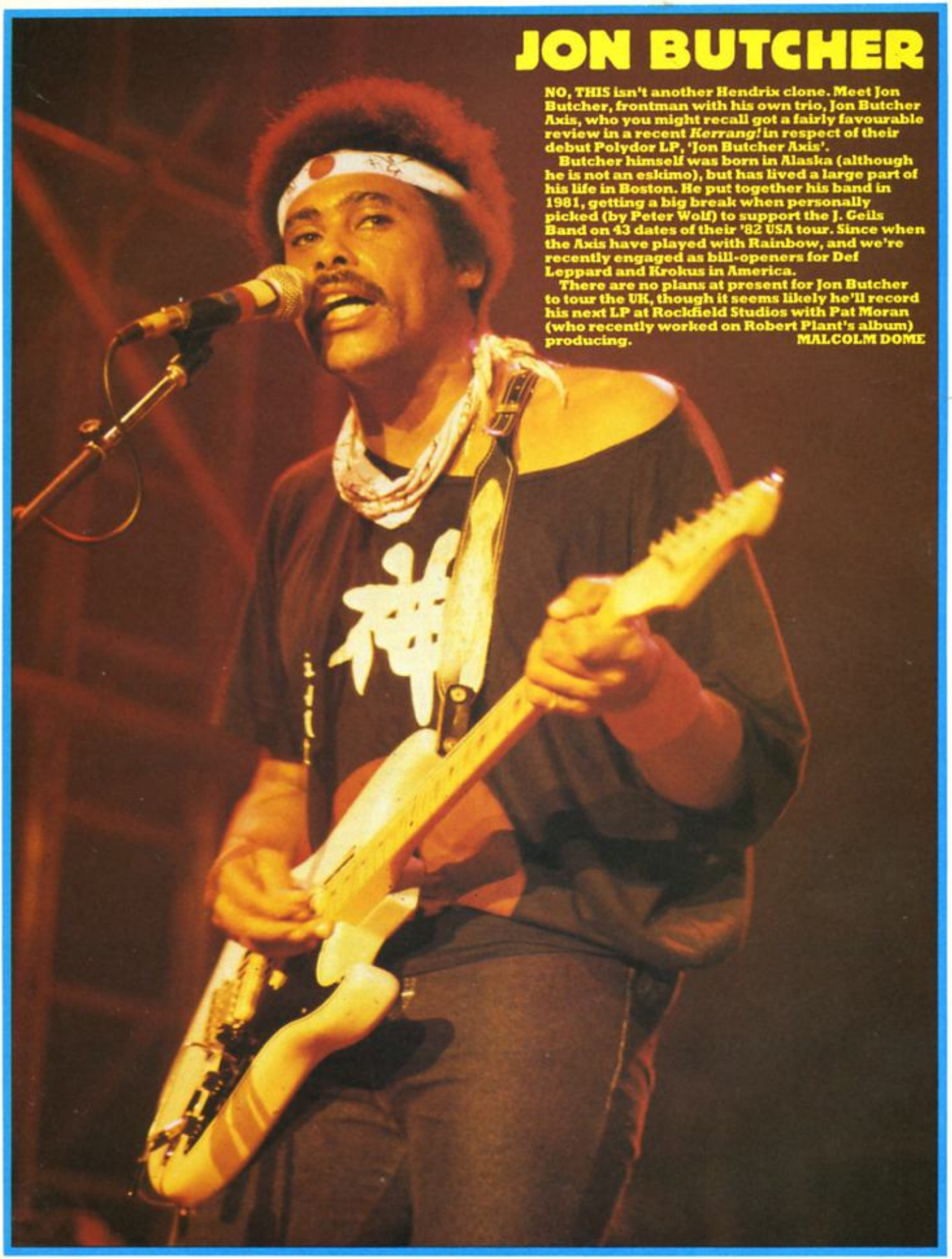
"Yeah, well it was real strange, you know," drawls Rick. "The amp actually blew out on the first date of the tour, and then I went mad trying to correct it and really panicked. But the guy who actually hired us all the equipment was at the gig and he said he'd take charge of making sure that such a thing didn't reoccur. So, when it happened at Hammersmith, I didn't react too much 'cos I knew someone good was on the case."

Move over Nick Lowe, you've just lost your 'Jesus Of Cool' tag.

"It takes only 50 years to become an overnight success" – Roger Moore. Happy 50th birthday, boys!

RICK SANTERS: Pic Ray Palmer

JON BUTCHER



NO, THIS isn't another Hendrix clone. Meet Jon Butcher, frontman with his own trio, Jon Butcher Axis, who you might recall got a fairly favourable review in a recent *Kerrang!* in respect of their debut Polydor LP, 'Jon Butcher Axis'.

Butcher himself was born in Alaska (although he is not an eskimo), but has lived a large part of his life in Boston. He put together his band in 1981, getting a big break when personally picked (by Peter Wolf) to support the J. Geils Band on 43 dates of their '82 USA tour. Since when the Axis have played with Rainbow, and we're recently engaged as bill-openers for Def Leppard and Krokus in America.

There are no plans at present for Jon Butcher to tour the UK, though it seems likely he'll record his next LP at Rockfield Studios with Pat Moran (who recently worked on Robert Plant's album) producing.

MALCOLM DOME

Pic Ross Halfin

KEEP YOUR F

HOWARD JOHNSON states the case for two unsigned melodic Metal acts . . .

SO WHY feature two unsigned (as yet) American rock acts, eh? Two reasons really. Reason number one: Isn't *Kerrang!* supposed to be the 'ultimate ROCK magazine'? Well, Legs Diamond and Jonah Koslen And The Heroes are two first rate melodic rock bands who deserve every inch of space they get. Days are dull, ch followers of mayhem, and these two bands could considerably brighten your musical lives.

Reason number two: Both bands are extremely likely to have songs released in the UK soonest. 'Fruits Of Passion', a compilation of class Metal acts, will be appearing in a coupla months' time, and will probably include numbers by these two fine acts. You've gotta, just gotta hear 'em. Believe me guv, 'hot' was a word invented for these two bands! Read – ENJOY!

JONAH KOSLEN (second from left) and THE HEROES in their days as a five-piece.

THERE ARE times when the music business is unfair – excessively so! Occasionally, the record-buying public either chooses to ignore or never fully gets the chance to appreciate a wealth of talent which, in turn, fades into obscurity. Owing to record company mis-management, radio banality and management incompetence, there are artists who deserve (and I stress that word 'deserve') to find a sizeable niche within the rock superstructure yet never even get their feet on the first rung of the ladder to success.

You know who the losers are, don't you? Yeah, you and I, deprived of the opportunity of hearing plenty of product from such talents – and we'll never see them performing live of course! It is my sworn duty to use whatever means I can to attempt to resurrect the hopes of these fading stars, more for our benefit than theirs, because, damn it, they could bring a hell of a lot of pleasure into our lives if they were simply given the chance!

Jonah Koslen is one such man. Along with the multi-talented John Waite, Jonah is without doubt the most exciting songwriter I've encountered who has yet to achieve the kind of success which such musicians are *owed* because of their wealth of ability!

Jonah is no young upstart, having paid more than enough dues in the disgustingly underrated Michael Stanley Band (1979's 'Greatest Hits' is a gem of melodic hard rock!), through Breathless and now with Jonah Koslen And The Heroes. Along the way he has consistently written the kind of songs which make the listener wake from his general musical apathy, blink in amazement and shake his head in astonishment at the sheer brilliance of the work which is assaulting his ears.

'Breathless' and 'Nobody Leaves This Song Alive', sadly the only two Breathless albums released, are quite frankly two of the greatest hard/melodic rock records in circulation! So the first question posed is the obvious one – what the hell happened to the band?

"It was a lot of personal reasons which necessitated the Breathless split," sighs Jonah, who sounds incredibly sad and disheartened as he discusses his musical career, something which is distressing indeed when you realise the talent that this guy possesses . . .

"It was a very emotional thing for me. I had a lot of differences with my management and my position as leader of the band was being usurped all around, from the drummer through to the bass player. I wanted Breathless to be *my* band. I wrote all the songs and fronted that outfit but to avoid any ego problem I didn't name the band Jonah Koslen and Breathless, which is maybe what I should have done.

"I dictated the direction on the first album, both with songs and arrangements, but I let the band steer the direction on the second. They wanted a harder rock LP and, while 'Nobody Leaves This Song Alive' was lyrically superior, it definitely suffered melodically. 'Breathless' was very up and positive, but 'Nobody . . . ' was an album that came out as an epitaph, cataloguing the band's demise.

"It was a sink or swim situation after that. We were severely in debt, not getting anywhere, and we were dropped by EMI. I wasn't enjoying myself any more so I thought: 'f**k this', brought everyone together and told them I was splitting the band. I took away the other guys' toy when I took that decision. It was a big party for them with me footing the bill and, while I've tried to make friends with them all and let bygones be bygones, some still hold a grudge against me. In the end, Breathless was really a negative experience."

Post-split, Jonah Koslen's experiences have been more and more frustrating, especially when you consider the quality of this man's material and his marvellous delivery of it. That a guy who can consistently write such incredible rock songs is just as consistently ignored by the powers that be, is in itself a biting critique of a business that is so interested in sales ahead of creativity that if it isn't mighty careful it's going to end up burying its head up its own self-opinionated arse!

My own particular theory as to why Jonah Koslen has been unable to make any noticeable impression on the various A&R men who have turned him down, can be divided into two categories. Firstly, apathy. Companies are slap-dash and careless in their search for talent. They simply can't be bothered to give aspiring acts a decent crack of the whip!

Secondly, the obsession with 'new' and 'alternative' music often eclipses the search for songwriting talent – and that distresses me greatly! If The Birthday Party and Southern Death Cult are the future of rock 'n' roll, then count me strictly and utterly out!!

Jonah's latest five-track demo with the Heroes is far and away the most melodic, envigorating, top-class tape that has come my way in the last two years – and there *have* been *some* odd decent ones amongst them! Listen, I'm not overstating the case by even one superlative, for the Heroes, comprising keyboardist Dennis Lewin, bassist Eddie Pecchio, drummer Don Krueger and Jonah himself, have the power, the melody and the drive to become household names in the pop/rock field.

LA BURNING

"SLURP, SLURP, *slobber, slobber*". D'ya know what that rather gross sound is?! That's your 'eavy, 'umble narrator licking his luscious little lips in anticipation of the impending LA Metallic assault on the UK. Laura Canyon's round up of the smog city's HM troupes provided a finger lickin' good insight into what will (hopefully) be heading our way soonest.

Actually, it's perfectly fitting that this particular city should harbour the cream, for it is here that one of the most underrated hard rock bands was based. Legs Diamond was as classy a band as a monicker, and their three late seventies' albums are heavily responsible for this boy's major interest in little known American talent. 'Legs Diamond', 'A Diamond Is A Hard Rock' and 'Fire Power' are well worth sinking the proverbial teeth into, with their ear-trapping panache and gusto.

Tacky but never tongue-in-cheek in the best of Angel traditions, Legs always possessed that little extra something – dynamism, songwriting ability, call it what you will – and it was with a heavy heart that I received the news, maybe a year ago, that the band had called it a day. Another one bites the dust – or so it seemed, for it was recently revealed that LD had reformed and re-charged the batteries, ready to give it another shot. Keep the fire burning, eh?

Guitarist/keyboardist Mike Prince was called up post haste to shed some light on the latest set of Legs, ready to walk all over you:

"At the moment we're hangin' in there waiting to see if and when we'll sign a label deal," says Mike, rather guardedly, "but I feel very confident about the new band. We've got a lot of songs, which we've had for a while now, but they're not down on record, and we certainly intend to start writing a lot of fresh material as soon as we can."

Y'see, though LD haven't had any recorded output available for a full five years (and it seems like only yesterday), there've been various incarnations of the band attempting to get something happening for quite a time. Let Mike back-track and bring the Legs' activities up to date:

"OK, so shortly after 'Fire Power' Roger Romeo (the band's lead guitarist) left us. He was writing a lot of new wave material which we could play perfectly well, but nobody felt they would be comfortable with it either live or on record.

"We got ourselves a new guitarist, Jim May, early in 1980 and we recorded two sets of demos with him at Spencer Proffer's *Pasha* studios. We kept plugging away but very little happened and in a cool, calm and collected manner we eventually dissolved the band.

"Fortunately, we always kept in touch and stayed pretty close. In fact, Jim, Michael (Diamond – bassist) and myself ended up playing together in a band called Rag Doll, while Rick (Sandford – vocalist and a real diamond in the dust of so-so singers if ever there was one!) signed a deal with Alice Cooper's management and did a couple of tapes with Mike Pinera, Alice's guitarist."

Confused? You won't be! Read on! What was it that prompted an LD reformation?

"I really missed playing a lot of Legs' tunes – and now we're back together some of our really early material from the first album, numbers like 'Stagefright' and 'Rock 'n' Roll Man', are sounding tremendous. I still feel a hell of a lot of energy in them. We all wanted to give it another shot and it was really just a case of waiting for Rick to get his contractual obligations sorted out before we could come together again.

"We knew that we could compete with all the other acts around because we played with a lot of them when we were in Rag Doll. We were on the same bill as W.A.S.P and went down better than they did.

"And now we've got ourselves a new bass player in Greg Chaisson."

Hold on a minute, though! Legs Diamond without Michael Diamond, the sultry bassist who looks as if he's just stepped off the air-brushed cover of an Angel album? I can't buy that:

LEGS DIAMOND: sitting tight and doing things right.

"That's a popular misconception," Mike assures. "Because Michael had the surname Diamond it was naturally assumed that he was the founder and leader of the band, which wasn't the case. When we first formed the group we had the idea that everyone should take the surname 'Diamond', but after a while we decided it was a kinda dumb idea so we dropped it. However, because Michael's surname is a foreign one and difficult to remember, he opted to hold on to the 'Diamond'. That's all there is to it".

The whole concept was surely steeped in the best of Glam traditions – and looking at the original Diamond line-up it was easy to see why. Each of the five members came across as something special (even drummer Jeff Poole with his bun length locks!), and with image being so important in hard rock – dressing up or dressing down, it's all image – you would have thought it an added advantage for this act!

"With Legs Diamond being a gangster we all used to go on-stage dressed in that twenties style, but with an extra glamorous touch. Rick had a gun with him and I always had a trilby. I liked that idea a lot, but it remains to be seen if we'll pursue it with the new band. We've always tried to project a strong image and things will be no different now."

The future is where the real excitement lies, of course, and Legs have an optimistic air about them. But I've given up predicting mega-success for bands who deserve it more than a bunch of bludgeoning buffoons and keyboard-plinking trendies, so let's just settle for the information that Legs Diamond are hotter than ever.

"I think that we are now far superior as a band to any previous incarnation of Legs Diamond," states Mike categorically. "The old songs sound better than ever and we have a large back-log of material, including two songs which Rag Doll recorded for an album called 'The Best Unsigned Rock Acts' or some such thing. One of these is called 'Nobody's Fool' and it's attracting a lot of record company interest just now. Then we have 12-15 hot new songs which I think are killers!

"We've been keeping things fairly quiet until we're 100 per cent ready to play, though I'd say we could play the Roxy or the Troubadour in LA at any time. We're involved in really intense rehearsals just now and that's not all . . .

"We've had a coupla interesting label offers already, one with a major and one with an independent and we want to see what happens. The largest promoter in the Midwest is probably going to do something for us in the line of management so we're sitting tight and doing things right!"

Very true it is too. All I've managed to lend ears to so far is a collection of three songs recorded live in rehearsals and superlatives are the only words which can be uttered in response to said ear-grinding.

Mike is convinced that the new material is a huge improvement on these three songs too, so help me mutha, it's gonna be hard to retain my sanity when I hear them. This is one hot band. A diamond is a hard rock, right?

KWIZZ!

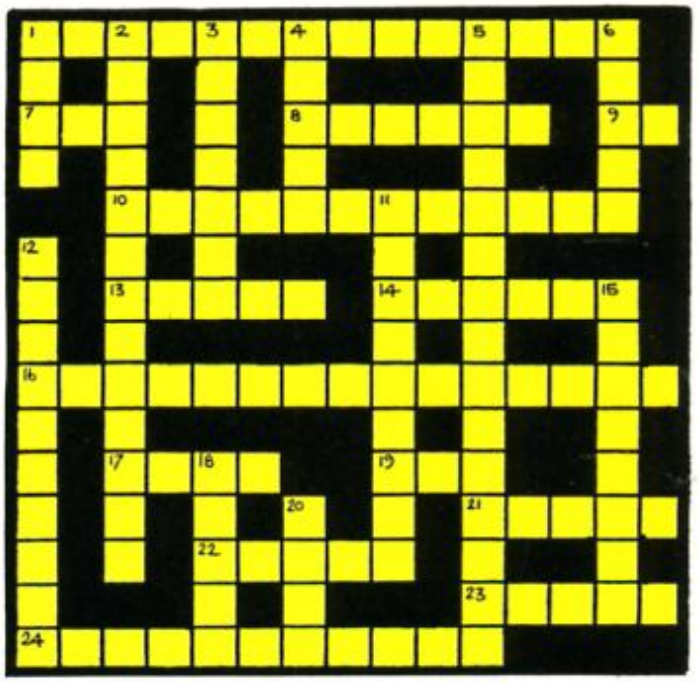
METAL MOVIES ...

Put away your videos for a while and pop down to the old flea-pit to tackle these celluloid crackers.
Your score: 0- 5 Don't you know where your cinema is?
5-15 No Oscars for you pal
15-20 Barry Norman strikes again!

1. Name Led Zeppelin's award-winning 1976 movie.
2. Who provided soundtrack highlights in the 'Diary Of A Mad Housewife'?
3. What was the subject matter of Rick Wakeman's 'White Rock' soundtrack?
4. Who were the two bikers in the classic 'Easy Rider' movie?
5. Who provided some of the music for the cult surf movie 'Crystal Voyager'?
6. Name the superhero for whom Queen provided a soundtrack.
7. In 1974 Slade starred in their own feature film. Name it.
8. What was the famous fantasy film that featured ('mongst others) Gillan, Roger Glover, David Coverdale and Tony Ashton?
9. 'Blue Collar', a '78 Richard Pryor film, had Lynyrd Skynyrd on the soundtrack. What was their contribution?
10. Which Metal movie supported 'Breaking Glass' on its initial release?
11. For whom was 'Beginnings' a promo movie?
12. The Stones' 'Satisfaction' was heavily featured in the classic 'Apocalypse Now'. Who was the director?
13. In 'Attack Of The Phantoms' a mad professor hopes to replace a rock band with robots. Who were the band?
14. 'Coming Home' was an anti-Vietnam film. Which Steppenwolf song was on the soundtrack?
15. Jon Lord conducted a symphony orchestra in 1971 ... for which film was his effort made?
16. Pink Floyd provided the music for the anti-drug film 'More'. Who was the director?
17. In 'Percy' Hywell Bennett has a very strange operation. Who provided the less strange music for the movie?
18. Who was 'Riding High' in 1981?
19. Who was the roadie in the 1980 pic of the same name?
20. Who directed 'Zabriskie Point' (for which Pink Floyd provided some of the music)?

ANSWERS: 1. 'The Song Remains The Same' 2. Alice Cooper 3. The 1976 winter Olympics 4. Peter Fonda and Denis Hopper 5. Pink Floyd 6. Flash Gordon 7. 'Flame' 8. 'The Butterfly Ball' 9. 'Saturday Night Special' 10. Samson's Biceps Of Steel' 11. Steve Howe 12. Francis Ford Coppola 13. Kiss 14. 'Born To Be Wild' 15. 'The Last Rebel' 16. Barbet Schroeder 17. The Kinks 18. Eddie Kidd 19. Meatloaf 20. Antonioni.

KERROSSWORD!



ACROSS
1. Aviation history from Iron Maiden (6.2.6.)
7. Three letters for a Speedwagon (1.1.1)
8. What Angry Anderson might have on his arm ... or anywhere for that matter (6)
9. Title for that Roboto fellow (2)
10. If he were Britannia would he waive the rules? (5.7)
13. The state of ZZ Top (literally) (5)
14. He rode a caravan to midnight (6)
16. Where 20 down spent midnight (3.4.4.5)
17. Descriptive of Mr. Clarke? (4)
19. What 1. across do free (3)
21. 'Do' me right pleaded Pat (5)
22. This Peter led the original Fleetwood Mac (5)
23. ... and Brian Connolly led these glam rockers (5)
24. Just one different journey from Journey? (8.3)

DOWN
1. Free coupled it with water (4)
2. The original HEAVY band (4.9)
3. Star spangled banner man (7)
4. Find Gillan '-- --- Rocks' (2.3)
5. What Triumph live in? (1.5.2.7.)
6. Mr Hagar (5)
11. Accident at a girlschool (3.3.3)
12. They blew on Coverdale (5.5)
15. Similar song for Styx and Lizzy (8)
18. Silver Bullet Bandsman (5)
20. Hellish bat's loaf (4)

SOLUTION
ACROSS: 1. 'Flight Of Icarus' 7. REO 8. Tattoo 9. Mr. 10. Burke Shelley 13. Texas 14. Trower 16. 'The Lost And Found' 17. Fast 19. Run 21. Treat 22. Green 23. Sweet 24. 'Separate Way'
DOWN: 1. Fire 2. Iron Butterfly 3. Hendrix 4. 'On The' 5. 'A World Of Fantasy' 6. Sammy 11. 'Hit And Run' 12. 'North Winds' 15. 'Renegade' 18. Seger 20. Meat.

THINK PINK COMPETITION!

STEP RIGHT up, folks. Here's your chance to win Dee Snider's personal PINK leather jacket. Yep, we've acquired this fabled piece of clothing and it could be yours! All you have to do is correctly answer the following questions:

1) *Who produced the band's first LP?*
2) *Which legendary New York band did Mark Mendoza play with before joining the Twisteds?*
3) *At which festival did Twisted Sister make their debut UK live appearance?*

Don't worry if you're not the lucky winner, because as ample compensation there are 10 autographed copies of the 'You Can't Stop Rock 'N' Roll' LP available as runners-up prizes. Send your answers on a postcard to: **Twisted Sister competition, *Kerrang!*, PO Box 16, Harlow, Essex.** Don't forget to include your name and address!

pic Ross Halfin

POWERAGE PARAPHENALIA

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THIS MONTH'S bargain offer gives you the chance to acquire a superb *Kerrang!* T-shirt, with or without sleeves, and the amazing new *Kerrang!* enamel badge.

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Pic Ray Palmer

DEE SNIDER in KERRANG! T. shirt and matching face cement.

Pic Ray Palmer

GENE SIMMONS (without make-up!) models the new KERRANG! badge.

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W.A.S.P.

MEAT YOU AT MIDNIGHT

"People should be glad we're doing this," says Blackie Lawless. LAURA CANYON reckons they're bound to succeed.

"WELL DEAR, what seems to be the problem?"

"It's like this, doc. There I'll be, minding my own business listening to Billy Squier or something and all of a sudden it – doc, help me doc, I can't hold it back any longer – WOAAAAARGH! It's been this way ever since I saw them. The bottomless black leather pants I can put up with; my boyfriend reckons they're an improvement on my AC/DC t-shirt, and my cats aren't afraid of the whip anymore. But it's getting to me doc. I'm fit to be tied."

"We all get tired once in a while".

"No, doc. I mean *literally*. Bound and gagged. And I can't stop eating liver."

"The iron'll do you good, dear."

"*Raw* liver? With the entrails attached and a nice cup of blood to wash it down?"

"Hmm, that could be debilitating."

"And I'm feeling saw in an embarrassing area."

"Sore?"

"No, *saw*. I've started wearing chainsaw blades as a G-string. Quick doc! Get the Valium! I can feel it coming again – WOAAAARGH!!!!"

"Sounds like you've got a bug, dear."

"What kind, doc?"

"A nasty, black, brain-damaging bug. It's called a WASP! Hold all calls, Nurse. I'm off to pay a house call . . . ."

The house lights are off. All you can see from the wings are a thousand pairs of eyes staring at an empty stage. Above the drum platform is a sign. W.A.S.P., it says. They're about to appear.

The spotlight flashes and out of the gloom stride four huge, virulent human beings, looking like the Godz on male hormones, all over six foot and drenched in black leather. The guitarist, a monolith of a man with blond raffia hair and smudged eye make-up, has the seat cut out of his leather pants. So does the bass player and singer, a giant straight out of 'Road Warrior' with spikes sticking out of one armband and blades out of the other, a silver stud belt, shag-black hair, an evil leer and a saw jutting out from between his legs.

The staring eyes in the hall grow bigger. For our safety these beasts have been chained together. But no! The WASP sign lights up, flames shooting all around it; the chains are loosened, and unleashed on hundreds of pure and undiseased adolescent minds is one of the most over-the-top, outrageous, thundering trash-rock HM bands ever to crawl out of the Los Angeles sewer system! WASP!!

Powerful? It's like one of those ants in the jungle that go straight for the blood vessels and grip their little ant molars in *so* hard that once they're in there you can't get rid of them without snapping their bodies in two!

There's a box on the drum platform marked RAW MEAT. Halfway through the show, vocalist Blackie Lawless fetches it to the front, snatches out some butcher's reject that you wouldn't even feed your cat – 2-foot long raw entrails, dripping blood – wraps it round his neck while pounding at his bass, chews on it, rubs it in his lead guitarist's face, bites bits off and, grinning, looks around for the wimps.

He always aims for the "wholesome dudes". SPLATTTT! A bit of raw entrail hits one of the faces in the auditorium. *Squidge!* The owner of the face gets his own back. ("I like it," says the blond guitarist, "when they start throwing it back.") The first course is over: delirium! Blackie lifts up the box and pours the leftover blood into his mouth, down his face, onto his massive, manly chest. A girl – evidently hungry – jumps onstage, but is dragged off for her own protection by a roadie.

They don't all get off so lightly. There's a scaffold in one corner draped with a black curtain. There's bones, a skull, a wooden frame, and chained to it a half-naked female. Blackie wields a mace, whaps her about, fake blood comes flooding down her body and our favourite pervert rubs his face in the stuff. The roadies untie the hapless girl and carry her off. Bad taste gone wild, and the audience is lapping it up!

And they've got friends! Nikki Sixx from Mötley Crüe, Blackie's best buddy, comes on for the last number, before the WASP sign lights up in flames again and the audience files out. Stunned. Suitable cases for treatment.

"If you don't give the people what they want, you're not going to sell tickets. If you don't sell tickets, you haven't got a job". Blackie Lawless, downstairs in an attractive dressing room with fluorescent lights and an open loo, is looking me straight in the eye. "I don't see us as being any

Blackie Lawless: No guts, no glory?

new institution. The only thing that we're doing is creating a catharsis onstage that keeps kids from going out and stealing people's hubcaps. As a matter of fact, people should be glad we're doing this.

"I get the rap for this all the time. They say Heavy Metal drives people crazy if they listen to it over a period of time. I say the people getting driven crazy by it are the ones who are unbalanced already. That's like blaming Jodie Foster for shooting President Regan! I ain't taking the rap for that.

"There's good bad taste and there's bad bad taste, and I feel like we're doing good bad taste."

The raw meat bit isn't any different from back in the carnival days when people ate live rats for your amusement, he reckons. And isn't that much different from the last band he was in (along with his guitarist Chris Holmes, who turns out to be such a sweet, shy person; there goes his credibility!), an LAHM shock-rock band called Sister, where he munched on live bronco worms and chucked them at the audience. I wouldn't go so far as to agree with the man that the 'murder' is good bad taste, however, even if it does get misogynistic violence out of the crowds' systems.

"No, that's to get it out of *my* system!" the singer grins. He calls the whole thing "psychodrama", which is: "Like a roller-coaster ride. You get the audience involved. You take it off the stage and put it into the audience. Great white knuckles! You get on that roller-coaster and you get out once it stops, but once it starts you can't get off. You don't see anybody leaving. It's like horror movies."

That's exactly what it is – sci-fi, junk-art set to a pounding, thudding backdrop of nicely neanderthal riffs. Songs like 'Tormentor', 'On Your Knees', 'Hellion', 'B.A.D.', and the anthemic Black-Sabbath-meets-Ramones, 'I Wanna Be Somebody'. The costumes are straight out of some of my favourite B-movies.

"When we first started," says Blackie, an admitted 'Road Warrior' fan, "we had an idea of where we wanted to go with this: a futuristic primitive look. We'd listen to the technopop songs, the synthesiser rock, and we thought: 'where can you go with that?' And there was nowhere to go. So we thought we'd go back to the basics, which was very, very primitive. That was right about the time that movie came out."

As Chris put it earlier: "He didn't want to just wear the studs – like a lot of bands in LA just buy the stuff you get in stores. He said: 'When you make your costume, man, just go in your garage and dig out anything to make it look nice but still primitive!"

Blackie: "Between Chris and myself it was just a natural-born instinct to go out and be lewd and lascivious and expose ourselves to people! You're not going to buy these pants at J.C. Penney (America's *British Home Stores*). They're not in the 'Fall' catalogue, believe me!"

The sound's every bit as primitive as the look: unembellished, survivalist HM. Or is it?

"I shun away from that term Heavy Metal," Blackie thunders. "To me we're not an HM band."

What the hell are they, then?

"We're a rock and roll band! We've got Uncle Sam written all over our faces! To me, European bands are HM bands – Scorpions, who've become more Americanised over the years, Priest, Krokus, *those* are Heavy Metal bands, not us. The difference between us and them is the difference between Cream and Grand Funk. Grand Funk was as American as apple pie. Literally, we're an American band. I don't think we're part of the Heavy Metal scene at all. That's too singular a term.

"Rock and roll is what it's all about – not HM or punk or disco or anything like that. It was that three-chord progression in Little Richard; that's what it is; nothing else!"

Blackie's wanted to be a rock and roller ever since seeing Elvis on the telly at the tender age of two. His first band was the infamous New York Dolls – he was friends with members of the group, and when Johnny Thunders upped and left he took his place amongst the make-up and shag hairdos. When that band finished, he headed for LA with the bass player to start a band with one of Alice Cooper's old guitarists. When that didn't work out, he co-founded Killer Cain, then glitter-rock worm-eaters Sister, then his most successful venture, WASP.

That was just about a year ago. There's been some line-up changes since – Don Costa was in the band at one time before leaving to join Ozzy Osbourne – but the current combination of Blackie, Chris, drummer Johnny Richards and guitarist Randy Piper seems to be the killer. Unlike a lot of HM bands (OKAY Blackie, I won't call you that again!), they've not had too much trouble finding places to play as they always draw a big crowd and make the venue lots of money.

What do the other LAHM bands think of them? Not a lot from what I gather. "I don't have any animosity towards anyone," Blackie says, though. "No other band is competition. It's what you do within your own circle, and you're only as good as the worst person in your band. You're your own competition. So I don't hate anyone. Live and let live."

Does he reckon it's a healthy HM scene out here?

"It's getting better. But it'll never be what it is in the Midwest or on the East Coast. I'm not knocking LA – it's my home now – but in the Midwest you have kids who are brought up being steelworkers, they're very hostile, they've grown up in a hostile environment. LA is not that way. If you're put in an environment where you've got to struggle for survival, you want your rock and roll to be pure and authentic and not trendy."

WASP haven't been seen much as a band outside of LA. They'll take their "psychodrama" on the road once their debut album's completed – they're starting work on it the second week in June. Ace Frehley of Kiss fame, Blackie's old New York pal, was going to produce it, but doesn't have time now as he's putting a new band of his own together. Ted Nugent sidekick Rick Browde will take over the controls.

Most of the songs on the album are Blackie's. The whole band's his baby really. But Chris lent a hand on some of their classics like 'Tormentor'.

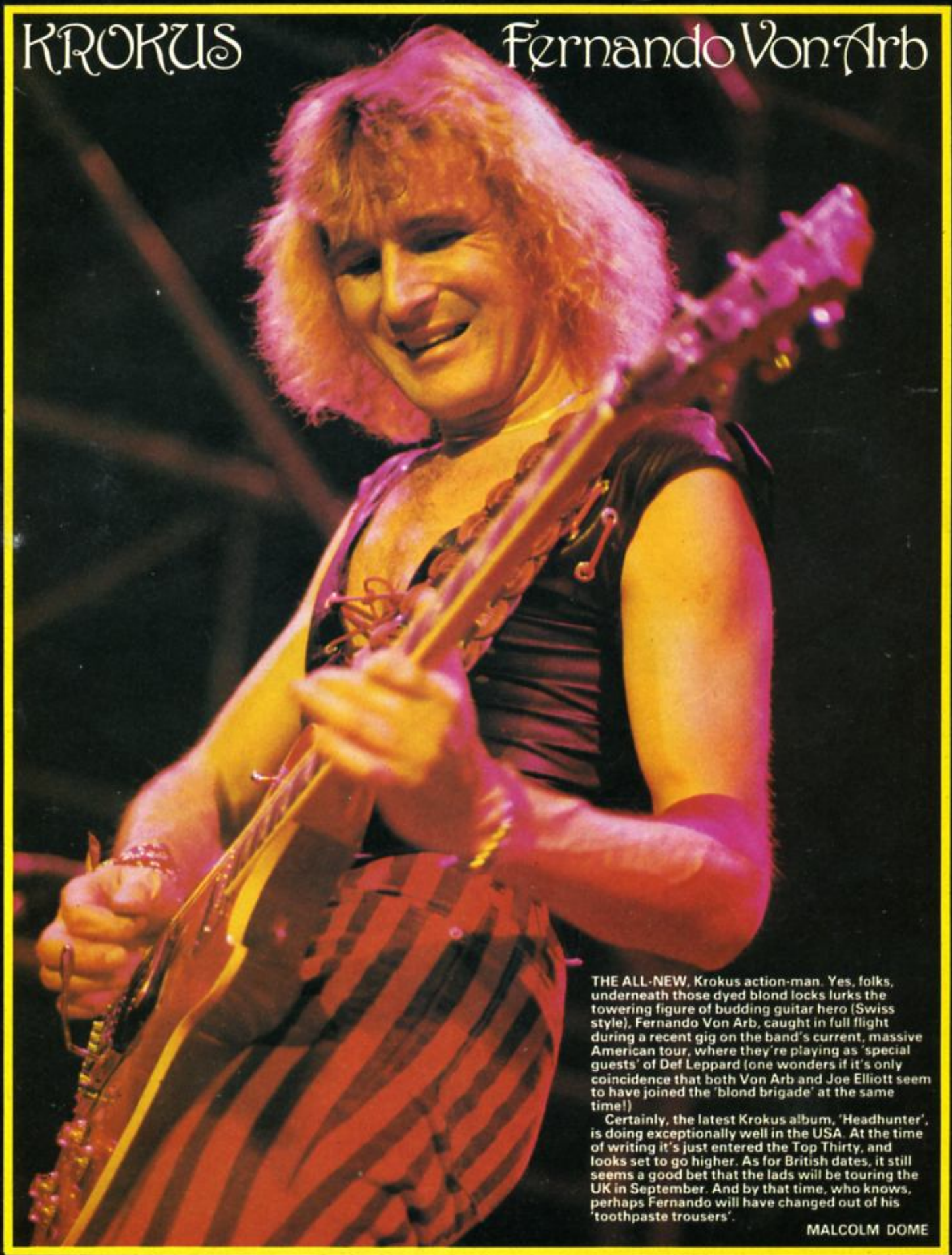
"Chris is a Heavy Metal child," Blackie grins indulgently. "I am more rock and roll. And when you fuse the two together, you get W.A.S.P. And it's acting like a charm!"

All pics Chris Walter

OK, OK, but does she explode?

KROKUS

Fernando Von Arb



THE ALL-NEW, Krokus action-man. Yes, folks, underneath those dyed blond locks lurks the towering figure of budding guitar hero (Swiss style), Fernando Von Arb, caught in full flight during a recent gig on the band's current, massive American tour, where they're playing as 'special guests' of Def Leppard (one wonders if it's only coincidence that both Von Arb and Joe Elliott seem to have joined the 'blond brigade' at the same time!)

Certainly, the latest Krokus album, 'Headhunter', is doing exceptionally well in the USA. At the time of writing it's just entered the Top Thirty, and looks set to go higher. As for British dates, it still seems a good bet that the lads will be touring the UK in September. And by that time, who knows, perhaps Fernando will have changed out of his 'toothpaste trousers'.

MALCOLM DOME

Pic Ross Halfin